POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

Written by

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LATE
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AND
PUBLISH'D *by Mr.* POPE.

Dignum laude Virum Musa vetat mori. HOR.

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TO THE

Right Honourable,

ROBERT,

Earl of *OXFORD*

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

UCH were the Notes, thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful Tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt Manners, gentleſt Arts, adorn'd!
Bleſt in each Science, bleſt in ev'ry Strain!
Dear to the Muſe, to HARLEY dear—— in vain!

DEDICATION.

For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend:
For *Swift* and Him, deſpis'd the Farce of State,
The ſober Follies of the Wiſe and Great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a Friend be dear,
(A Sigh the Abſent claims, the Dead a Tear)
Recall thoſe Nights that clos'd thy toilſom Days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living Lays:
Who careleſs, now, of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was Great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure if ought below the Seats Divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard Inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Anger, and all Pride,
The Rage of Pow'r, the Blaſt of publick Breath,
The Luſt of Lucre, and the Dread of Death.

In vain to Deſarts thy Retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent Shade:
'Tis hers, the brave Man's lateſt Steps to trace,
Re-judge his Acts, and dignify Diſgrace,

When

DEDICATION.

When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking Train,
When all th'Oblig'd deſert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
When the laſt ling'ring Friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy Evening Walk with Bays,
(No Hireling ſhe, no Proſtitute to Praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting Ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy Various Day,
Thro' Fortune's Cloud One truly Great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is He.

Sept. 25.
1721.

A. POPE.

HESIOD:

OR, THE

Riſe of WOMAN.

WHAT antient Times (thoſe Times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long Record of *Woman's* Riſe,
What Mortals teach it, and what Fables hide,
What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale
(In *Greece*, 'twas thought, a *Woman* might be frail)
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt Pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The Caſe was *Heſiod's*; he the Fable writ;
Some think with Meaning, ſome with idle Wit:

Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the Conteſt, and commence the Lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas e're the low Creation ſwarm'd with Men)
That one *Prometheus*, ſprung of heav'nly Birth,
(Our Author's Song can witneſs) liv'd on Earth.
He carv'd the Turf to mold a manly Frame,
And ſtole from *Jove* his animating Flame.
The ſly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

Oh vers'd in Arts! whoſe daring Thoughts aſpire
To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire!
Enjoy thy Glory paſt, That Gift was thine;
The next thy Creatnre meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a Gift, a Vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the Counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing Boſom-cheat, a ſpecious Ill,
Which felt they curſe, yet covet ſtill to feel.

He ſaid, and *Vulcan* ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands;
In ſuch a Shape to mold a riſing Fair,
As Virgin-goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water ſhine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine.

'Twas

'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.

As *Vulcan* ends, the chearful *Queen* of *Charms*
Claſp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms;
From that Embrace a fine Complexion ſpread,
Where mingled Whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red.
Then in a Kiſs ſhe breath'd her various Arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts;
A Mind for Love, but ſtill a changing Mind;
The Liſp affected, and the Glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing Bluſh, the ſecret Wink,
The gentle-ſwimming Walk, the courteous Sink,
The Stare for Strangeneſs fit, for Scorn the Frown,
For decent yielding Looks declining down,
The practis'd Languiſh, where well-feign'd Deſire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire;
Gay Smiles to comfort; *April* Show'rs to move;
And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-ſcepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair;
Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
Self-valuing Fancy, highly-creſted Pride,
Strong ſov'reign Will, and *ſome* Deſire to chide:
For which, an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (skillful Goddeſs) train'd the Maid
To twirl the Spindle by the twiſting Thread,
To fix the Loom, inſtruct the Reeds to part,
Croſs the long Weft, and cloſe the Web with Art,
An uſeful Gift; but what profuſe Expence,
What world of Faſhions, took its Riſe from hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a cloſe-contriving God,
Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod:
Then Plots and fair Excuſes, fill'd her Brain,
The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
The Price of Favour's; the deſigning Arts
That aim at Riches in Contempt of Hearts;
And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife*.

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
And fond Perſuaſion tip'd her eaſy Tongue;
He gave her Words, where oyly Flatt'ry lays
The pleaſing Colours of the Art of Praiſe;
And Wit, to Scandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her Voice, and ſhed a Sweetneſs there,
To make her Senſe with double Charms abound,
Or make her lively Nonſenſe pleaſe by Sound.

To

To dreſs the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade:
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry cover plaid,
Then ſpread thoſe Implements that *Vulcan's* Art
Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea's* Heart;
The Wire to curl, the cloſe-indented Comb
To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the Mirrour, where the raviſh'd Maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
Confin'd her Treſſes with a Wreath of Flow'rs;
Within the Wreath aroſe a radiant Crown;
A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
The purfled Border deck'd the Floor with Gold.
Her Robe (which cloſely by the Girdle brac't
Reveal'd the Beauties of a ſlender Waſte)
Flow'd to the Feet, to copy *Venus* Air,
When *Venus's* Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new ſprung Creature finiſh'd thus for Harms,
Adjuſts her Habit, practiſes her Charms,
With Bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively Smiles,
Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiles:

Then conſcious of her Worth, with eaſy Pace
Glides by the Glaſs, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep Cave the *Siſter Fates* explore,
Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their Toil prophetick Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock my Flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, riſes now to reign.
New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to dye;
New Parts diſtreſs the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Miſtreſs, and the ruling Wife.

Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to ſacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.

Thus in a thouſand wax-erected Forts
A loytering Race the painful Bee ſupports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,

Fly

Fly where he will, at home the Race remain,
Prune the ſilk Dreſs, and murm'ring eat the Gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whoſe Temper betters by the Father's ſide;
Unlike the reſt that double humane Care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance!
The Curſe is gen'ral, but the Bleſſing Chance.

Thus ſung the *Siſters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature, made for Man in Ire;
The young *Pandora* ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her End:
Then bid the Winds that fly to breath the Spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle Wing;
With wafting Airs the Winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining Vengeance ſafe below.
A golden Coffer in her Hand ſhe bore,
(The Preſent treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
'Twas fraught with Pangs; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
That Gold ſhou'd aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Deſcent the Man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star;
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.

O'er

O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Paſſion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns,
Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
Or ſwears that *Venus* muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his Offers while her Airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful Glances from the bended Frown,
In brisk Diſorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careleſs Tune to lay the Storm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in *Form*.

" Now take what *Jove* deſign'd (ſhe ſoftly cry'd)
" This box thy Portion, and my ſelf thy Bride :"
Fir'd with the Proſpect of the double Charms,
He ſnatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal Gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The Winds were ſilent, all the Waves aſleep,
And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep;
But whilſt he looks unmindful of a Storm,
And thinks the Water wears a ſtable Form,
What dreadful Din around his Ears ſhall riſe!
What Frowns confuſe his Picture of the Skies!

At firſt the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the World his own.

For

For him the Nymphs in green forſook the Woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forſook the Floods,
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him Heroes in the ſecret Cave.
No Care deſtroy'd, no ſick Diſorder prey'd,
No bending Age his ſprightly Form decay'd,
No Wars were known, no Femals heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, thoſe Ills the Box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the Wind,
From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a ſickly Face:
New Terms of Folly roſe, new States of Care;
New Plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The Days of whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the Breach of Leagues;
The mean Deſigns of well-diſſembled Love;
The ſordid Matches never join'd above;
Abroad the Labour, and at home the Noiſe,
(Man's double Suff'rings for domeſtick Joys)
The Curſe of Jealouſy; Expence, and Strife;
Divorce, the publick Brand of ſhameful Life;
The Rival's Sword: the Qualm that takes the Fair;
Diſdain for Paſſion, Paſſion in Deſpair——

Theſe, and a thouſand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thouſand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on *Parnaſſus* tuneful *Heſiod* ſung,
The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,
The ſacred Groves a fix'd Attention ſhow,
The chryſtal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verſe be true)
The *Muſes* came to give the Laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
If *Love* ſwore Vengeance for the Tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your Friend relate
What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writer's Fate,
Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted Shade
The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd Hours away;
A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
A fair *Mileſian*, kind *Evanthe* ſhe:
But ſwelling Nature in a fatal Hour
Betray'd the Secrets of the conſcious Bow'r;
The dire-Diſgrace her Brothers count their own,
And track her Steps, to make its Author known.

It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's Day)
Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay;

When

When *Heſiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the Scene:
A ſtrong Suſpicion ſtrait poſſeſt their Mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind.)
But when *Evanthe* near the Paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful Look, and ſhot the Wood,
"Now take, (at once they cry) thy due Reward,"
And urg'd with erring Rage, aſſault the Bard.
His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to Shore.

Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
And ſee the Dreams of antient Wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the *Muſes* round the Body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by;
He wheels his Arrow with inſulting Hand,
And thus inſcribes the Moral on the Sand.
" Here *Heſiod* lies: Ye future Bards, beware
" How far your Mortal Tales incenſe the Fair:
" Unlov'd, unloving, 'was his Fate to bleed;
" Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed:
" He judg'd this Turn of Malice juſtly due,
" And *Heſiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew.

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN thy Beauty appears
In its Graces and Airs,
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Bluſhes thro' ev'ry Vein;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Paſſion and Pride
In our Sex, (ſhe reply'd,)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beſide,
But ſtill be a Woman to you.

SONG.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous Swain,
Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain;
Who both his Heart ſubdue:
Gay *Cælia*'s Eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy Shape and Air
With ſofter Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And ſeems for each to dye;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's Shape ran down,
And ſhe *Sabina*'s Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Thoſe Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;
So ſet the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or with a True-love Knot and Name
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Cælia!* (ſly *Sabina* cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;

Now

Now to ſupport the Sex's Pride,
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (ſays *Celia*) ſay no more;
For ſhou'd the Swain but one adore,
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

SONG.

MY days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With carleſs eaſe from Tree to Tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine encreas'd their Stream?
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent one Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught,
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fix't upon my Thought.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſting Pines!
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove!

Ye

Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds!
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love!

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young, unpractic'd Heart,
To make my *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mix'd with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it Leſs.

ANACREONTICK.

WHEN Spring came on with freſh Delight,
To cheer the Soul, and charm the Sight,
While eaſy Breezes, ſofter Rain,
And warmer Suns ſalute the Plain;
'Twas then, in yonder Piny Grove,
That *Nature* went to meet with *Love*.

Green

Green was her Robe, and green her Wreath,
Where-e'er ſhe trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where-e'er ſhe turn'd, the Pulſes beat
With new recruits of *Genial* Heat;
And in her Train the Birds appear,
To match for all the coming Year.

Rais'd on a Bank, where Daizys grew,
And Vi'lets intermix'd a Blew,
She finds the *Boy* ſhe went to find;
A thouſand *Pleaſures* wait behind,
Aſide, a thouſand Arrows lye,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the *Dame* and *Boy*,
Dancing *Graces*, idle *Joy*,
Wanton *Smiles*, and airy *Play*,
Conſpir'd to make the Scene be gay;
Love pair'd the Birds through all the Grove,
And *Nature* bid them ſing to *Love*,
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, ſing,
And pay their Tribute from the Wing,
To fledge the Shafts that idly lye,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the Blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling Wood,

And

And thrice they make the Plumes agree,
And ev'ry Dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry Dart can boaſt a Kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of Mind.

From the tow'ring *Eagle*'s Plume
The *Gen'rous Hearts* accept their Doom;
Shot by the *Peacock*'s painted Eye
The *vain* and *airy Lovers* dye:
For *careful* Dames and *frugal* Men,
The Shafts are ſpeckled by the *Hen*.
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the Darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting Hearts:
When from the *Voice* the Paſſions ſpring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a Wing:
Together, by the *Sparrow* ſtung,
Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*:
And fledg'd by *Geeſe* the Weapons fly,
When others love *they know not why*.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving Grove.
And ſee, ſays *Love*, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with *Nature* here,
How both ſupport a proper Part,
She gives the Feather, I the Dart:
Then ceaſe for Souls averſe to ſigh,
If *Nature* croſs ye, ſo do I;

My

My Weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the Skies.
But if the *mutual Charms* I find
By which ſhe links you Mind to Mind,
They wing my Shafts, I poize the Darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your Hearts.

ANACREONTICK.

GAY *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt*'s Wine,
A noble Meal beſpoke us;
And for the Gueſts that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
Near *Comus*, *Jocus* plac'd;
For *Wine* makes *Love* forget its Care,
And *Mirth* exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging *Grace*
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at every Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky;

While

While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſt the Toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits:

And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*'s Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet 'em all at odds;
And, had I *Homer*'s Pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drunk like Gods,
And how they fought, like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the *Furies* ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Darts to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Jocus took *Comus*'s roſy Crown,
And gayly wore the Prize,
And thrice, in Mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline,
And *Venus* cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at Wine.

And *Comus* loudly curſing *Wit*,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, ſtill behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;

They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song;
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A

FAIRY TALE

IN THE

Ancient Engliſh *Style.*

IN *Britain's* Iſle and *Arthur's* days,
When Midnight *Fairies* daunc'd the Maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Senſe and Truth,
Tho' badly Shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back more well be ſaid
To meaſure heigth againſt his Head,

And lift it ſelf above:
Yet ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth Form forbid,
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of *Edith*'s Eyes,
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
Cou'd Ladies look within;
But one Sir *Topaz* dreſs'd with Art,
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
With ſlighted Paſſion pac'd along
All in the Moony Light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted Court,
Where ſportive *Fairies* made Reſort
To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the Path was loſt
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town;
With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
Reſolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,
And drops his Limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the Floor,
When hollow Winds remove the Door,

A trembling rocks the Ground:
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred Tapers light
On all the Walls around.

Now ſounding Tongues aſſail his Ear,
Now ſounding Feet approachen near,
And now the Sounds encreaſe:
And from the Corner where he lay
He ſees a Train profuſely gay
Come pranckling o'er the Place.

But (truſt me *Gentles!*) never yet
Was dight a Maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The Country lent the ſweet Perfumes,
The Sea the Pearl, the Sky the Plumes,
The Town its ſilken Store.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a *Gallant* dreſt
In flaunting Robes above the reſt,
With awfull Accent cry'd;
What *Mortall* of a wretched Mind,
Whoſe Sighs infect the balmy Wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain* whoſe vent'rous Soul
No Fears of *Magick* Art controul,

Advanc'd in open ſight;
" Nor have I cauſe of Dreed, he ſaid,
" Who view by no Preſumption led
" Your Revels of the Night.

" 'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,
" Which made my Steps unweeting rove
" Amid the nightly Dew.
'Tis well, the *Gallant* crys again,
We *Fairies* never injure Men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy Love-dejected Heart,
Be mine the Task, or e'er we part,
To make thee Grief reſign;
Now take the Pleaſure of thy Chaunce;
Whilſt I with *Mab* my part'ner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine.

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light Muſick floats in wanton Air;
The *Monarch* lends the *Queen*:
The reſt their *Fairie* Part'ners found:
And *Mable* trimly tript the Ground
With *Edwin* of the Green.

The Dauncing paſt, the Board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a Feaſt was made

As Heart and Lip deſire;
Withouten Hands the Diſhes fly,
The Glaſſes with a Wiſh come nigh,
And with a Wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the *Fairie King*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick Feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
And other-ſome tranſmute their Shape
In *Edwin*'s wond'ring Eyes.

'Till one at laſt that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the Beam he flung,
Where by the Back the *Youth* he hung
To ſpraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my Charm, he crys,
"And let it fairely now ſuffice
"The Gambol has been ſhown.
But *Oberon* anſwers with a Smile,
Content thee *Edwin* for a while,
The Vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the Phantome-play;
They ſmelt the freſh Approach of Day,

And heard a Cock to crow;
The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd
Has clap'd the Door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the Tapers dy;
Poor *Edwin* falls to Floor;
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,
Was never Wight in ſike a Caſe
Through all the Land before.

But ſoon as Dan *Apollo* roſe,
Full Jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the leſs;
His honeſt Tongue and ſteady Mind
Had rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Succeſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story ſoon took wind;
And beautious *Edith* ſees the Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Senſe and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

The Story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The Youth of *Edith* erſt approv'd)

To ſee the Revel Scene:
At cloſe of Eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd Dome
All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a Dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the Wall:
Up ſpring the Tapers as before,
The *Fairies* bragly foot the Floor,
And Muſick fills the Hall.

But *certes* ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir *Topaz* ſees the *Elphin* ſhow,
His Spirits in him dy:
When *Oberon* crys, "a *Man* is near,
"A mortall Paſſion, cleeped Fear,
"Hangs flagging in the Sky.

With that Sir *Topaz* (Hapleſs Youth!)
In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth
Intreats them Pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter Wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night
To tread the circled Haunt;

"Ah Loſell Vile, at once they roar;
"And little skill'd of *Fairie* lore,

" Thy Cauſe to come we know:
" Now has thy Keſtrell Courage fell;
" And *Fairies*, ſince a Ly you tell,
" Are free to work thee Woe.

Then *Will*, who bears the wiſpy Fire
To trail the Swains among the Mire,
The Caitive upward ſlung;
There like a Tortoiſe in a Shop
He dangled from the Chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the Place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick Mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the Rout retreat,

By this the Stars began to wink,
They ſkriek, they fly, the Tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never Spell by *Fairie* laid
With ſtrong Enchantment bound a Glade
Beyond the length of Night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the Welkin roſe the Day,

Then

Then deem'd the Dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder Lot?
His ſeely Back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* loſt afore.

This Tale a *Sybil-Nurſe* ared;
She ſoftly ſtrok'd my youngling Head,
And when the Tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my Son (ſhe cries)
"With baſe Impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But Virtue can it ſelf advance
"To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance
"By Fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
"Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
"And from it ſelf ſhake off the Weight
"Upon th' unworthy *Mind*.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

CRAS amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Tum

THE VIGIL of *VENUS.*

Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR, *and by ſome aſcrib'd to* CATULLUS.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The *Spring*, the new, the warb'ling Spring appears,
The youthful Seaſon of reviving Years;
In Spring the *Loves* enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nation chuſe their tuneful Mates,
The Trees grow fruitful with deſcending Rain
And dreſt in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.
She comes; to morrow *Beauty's Empreſs* roves
Thro' Walks that windiug run within the Groves;
She twines the ſhooting Myrtle into Bow'rs,
And ties their meeting Tops with Wreaths of Flow'rs,
Then rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy Throne
From Nature's pow'rful Dictates draws her own.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas

Tunc liquore de ſuperno, ſquameo ponti è globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipſa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipſa ſurgentis papillas de Favoni ſpiritu,
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipſa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, ſpargit umentis aquas,
Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidiyo pondere,
Gutta præceps orbe parvo ſuſtinet caſus ſuos.
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Umor ille, quem ſerenis aſtra rorant noctibus.
Mane virgines papillas ſolvit umenti peplo.
Ipſa juſſit mane ut udæ virgines nubant roſæ
Fuſæ prius de cruore deque amoris oſculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque Solis purpuris.

Cras

'Twas on that Day which ſaw the teeming Flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial Blood;
Wand'ring in Circles ſtood the finny Crew,
The midſt was left a void Expanſe of Blue,
There Parent *Ocean* work'd with heaving Throes,
And dropping wet the fair *Dione* roſe.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple Year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green Gem, and makes the Bloſſom glow,
She makes the turgid Buds receive the Breeze,
Expand to Leaves, and ſhade the naked Trees.
When gath'ring damps the miſty Nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the Morn with balmy Dews;
Bright trembling Pearls depend at ev'ry ſpray,
And kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy Freſhneſs hence the *Roſe* receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken Leaves;
(The Drops deſcending through the ſilent Night,
While Stars ſerenely roll their golden Light,)
Cloſe 'till the Morn, her humid Veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with Virgin Pomp the Flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the Morning bluſh: Ye Maids! prepare,
In roſy Garlands bind your flowing Hair
'Tis *Venus*' Plant: The Blood fair *Venus* ſhed,
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red;

From

Cras ruborem qui latebat veſte tectus ignea,
Unica marito nodo non pudebit ſolvere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipſa Nimfas Diva luco juſſit ire myrteo
Et Puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe Amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.
Ite Nimfæ: poſuit arma, feriatus eſt Amor.
Juſſus eſt inermis ire, nudus ire juſſus eſt:
Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen cavete Nimfæ, quod Cupido pulcer eſt:
Totus eſt inermis idem, quando nudus eſt Amor.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.
Una res eſt quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,

U

From *Love*'s ſoft Kiſs a ſweet *Ambroſial* Smell
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell;
From Gemms, from Flames, from orient Rays of Light
The richeſt Luſtre makes her Purple bright;
And ſhe to morrow weds; the ſporting Gale
Unties her Zone, ſhe burſts the verdant Veil;
Thro' all her Sweets the rifling *Lover* flies,
And as he breaths, her glowing Fires ariſe.
Let theſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair *Dione* to the Myrtle Grove
Sends the gay *Nymphs*, and ſends her tender *Love*.
And ſhall they venture? is it ſafe to go?
While *Nymphs* have Hearts, and *Cupid* wears a Bow?
Yes ſafely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will;
He walks unarm'd and undeſigning ill,
His Torch extinct, his Quiver uſeleſs hung,
His Arrows idle, and his Bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye *Nymphs*, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
And *Love* that's naked, ſtill is *Love* in Arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

From *Venus* Bow'r to *Delia*'s Lodge repairs
A Virgin Train compleat with modeſt Airs:
" Chaſt *Delia*! grant our Suit! or ſhun the Wood,
" Nor ſtain this ſacred Lawn with ſavage Blood.

" *Venus*,

Ut nemus ſit incruentum de ferinis ſtragibus.

Ipſa vellet ut venires, ſi deceret virginem:

Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:

Congreges inter catervas ire per ſaltus tuos,

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter caſas,

Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus abſunt, nec Poetarum Deus;

Detinent & tota nox eſt pervigila cantibus.

Regnet in ſilvis Dione: tu recede Delia.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Juſſit Hiblæis tribunal ſtare Diva floribus.

Præſens ipſa jura dicit, adſederunt Gratiæ.

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

Hibla florum rumpe veſtem, quantus Ænnæ campus eſt.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque

" *Venus*, O *Delia*! if ſhe cou'd perſuade,
" Wou'd ask thy Preſence, might ſhe ask a Maid.
Here chearful Quires for three auſpicious Nights
With Songs prolong the pleaſurable Rites:
Here Crouds in Meaſures lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by Pairs the Covert of the Grove,
Where meeting Greens for Arbours arch above,
And mingling Flowrets ſtrow the Scenes of Love,
Here dancing *Ceres* ſhakes her golden Sheaves:
Here *Bacchus* revels, deckt with viny Leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting God in Lawrel crown'd
Wakes all the raviſh'd Hours with ſilver Sound.
Ye Fields, ye Foreſts, own *Dione*'s Reign,
And *Delia*, Huntreſs *Delia*, ſhun the Plain.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the Bloom of all her opening Year,
The *Queen* at *Hybla* bids her Throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the fav'rite Band
(Her ſmiling *Graces*) ſhare the great Command.
Now beauteous *Hybla*! dreſs thy flow'ry Beds
With all the Pride the laviſh Seaſon ſheds,
Now all thy Colours, all thy Fragrance yield,
And rival *Enna*'s Aromatick Field.
To fill the Preſence of the gentle *Court*
From ev'ry Quarter rural *Nymphs* reſort.

From

Quæque ſilvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Juſſit omnis adſidere pueri Mater alitas,

Juſſit & nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In ſinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.

Ipſa venas atque mentem permeante ſpiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum ſubditum,

Pervium ſui tenorem ſeminali tramite

Imbuit, juſſitque mundum noſſe naſcendi vias.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipſa Trojanos nepotes in Latino tranſtulit;

Ipſa

From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble Vales,
From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the *laughing Queen*
In Circles ſeats them round the Bank of green;
And "lovely Girls, (ſhe whiſpers) guard your Hearts;
"My Boy, tho' ſtript of Arms, abounds in Arts.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender Graſs in ſhaded Allys ſpread,
Let early Flow'rs erect their painted Head.
To morrow's Glory be to morrow ſeen,
That Day, old *Ether* wedded *Earth* in green.
The *Vernal Father* bid the Spring appear,
In Clouds he coupled to produce the Year,
The Sap deſcending o'er her Boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of Soul began.
By Wheels unknown to Sight, by ſecret Veins
Diſtilling Life, the fruitful Goddeſs reigns,
Through all the lovely Realms of native Day,
Through all the circled Land, and circling Sea;
With fertil Seed ſhe fill'd the Pervious Earth,
And ever fix'd the myſtick Ways of Birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas ſhe the *Parent*, to the *Latian* Shore
Through various Dangers *Troy*'s Remainder bore.

She

Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit;
Móxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames & Quirites, próque prole posterûm
Romuli matrem crearet & nepotem Cæsarem.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem sentiunt.
Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sinu,
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ecce, jam super geneſtas explicat aonii latus,
Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantûm gregem.
Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,

Adsonant

She won *Lavinia* for her warlike Son,
And winning her, the *Latian* Empire won.
She gave to *Mars* the Maid, whoſe honour'd Womb
Swell'd with the *Founder* of immortal *Rome.*
Decoy'd by Show's the *Sabin* Dames ſhe led,
And taught our vig'rous Youth the Means to wed.
Hence ſprung the *Romans,* hence the Race divine
Thro' which great *Cæſar* draws his *Julian* Line.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural Seats the Soul of *Pleaſure* reigns;
The Life of *Beauty* fills the rural Scenes;
Ev'n *Love* (if *Fame* the Truth of *Love* declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural Air.
Some pleaſing Meadow pregnant *Beauty* preſt,
She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breaſt,
From Nature's Sweets he ſipp'd the fragrant Dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
Now ſtately Rams their fleecy Conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring Shade.
And now the *Goddeſs* bids the Birds appear,
Raiſe all their Muſick, and ſalute the Year:

Then

Adſonant Terei puellæ ſubter umbram populi,
Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici muſico,
Et neges queri ſororem de marito barbaro.

Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere deſinam?
Perdidi Muſam tacendo, nec me Phœbus reſpicit.
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit ſilentium.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras
amet.

Then deep the Swain begins, and deep the Song
Runs o'er the Water where he ſails along;
While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
And from the Poplar charms the liſt'ning Plain.
We fancy Love expreſt at ev'ry Note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid Throat.
Of barb'rous *Tereus* ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for Pleaſure as for Grief before.
And ſtill her Graces riſe, her Airs extend,
And all is Silence 'till the *Syren* end,

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?
And when ſhall I, and when the Swallow ſing?
Sweet *Philomela* ceaſe, ——Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapt'rous Hour of Wit:
'Tis gone, the Fit retires, the Flames decay,
My tuneful *Phœbus* flies averſe away.
His own *Amycle* thus, as Stories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER's BATTEL OF THE Frogs and Mice.

WITH THE

REMARKS of *ZOILUS.*

To which is perfix'd,

The *LIFE* of the ſaid ZOILUS.

ide quam iniqui ſunt divinorum munerum Æſtimatores, etiam quidam Profeſſi Sapientiam. Seneca,

PREFACE.

HAVING *some Time ago heard, that the Translation of* HOMER's *Iliad was design'd to be attempted, I resolv'd to confer with the Gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall Presence, and thoughtful Countenance, with his Hands folded, his Eyes fix'd, and his Beard untrimm'd. This I took to be a good Omen, because he thus resembled the* Constantinopolitan *Statue of* HOMER *which* Cedrenus *describes, and surely nothing cou'd have been liker, had he but arriv'd at the Character of Age and Blindness. As my Business was to be my Introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret History of* HOMER; *that no one better knows his own Horse, than I do the Camel of* Bactria, *in which his Soul resided at the Time of the* Trojan *Wars; that my Acquaintance continued with him, as he appear'd in the Person of the* Grecian *Poet; that I knew him in his next Transmigration into a Peacock; was pleas'd with his Return to Manhood, under the Name of* Ennius *at* Rome; *and more pleas'd to hear he was soon to revive under another Name, with all his full Lustre, in* England. *This particular Knowledge, added I, which sprung from the Love I bear him, has made me fond of a Conversation with you, in Order to the Success of your Translation.*

The civil Manner in which he receiv'd my Proposal encouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were Arts *of Success, as well as* Merits *to obtain it; and that he, who now dealt in Greek, should not only satisfy himself with being a good* Grecian, *but also contrive to hasten into the Repute of it. He might therefore write in the Title-Page,* Translated from the Original GREEK, *and select a Motto for his Purpose out of the same Language. He might obtain a Copy of Verses written in it to prefix to the Work, and not call the Titles of each Book, The First, and Second, but Iliad* Alpha, *and* Beta. *He might retain some* Names, *which the World is least acquainted with, as his old Translator* Chapman *uses* Ephaistus *instead of* Vulcan, Baratrum *for* Hell; *and if the* Notes *were fill'd with* Greek *Verses, it wou'd more increase the Wonder of many Readers. Thus I went on; when he told me, smiling, I had shewn him indeed a Set of Arts very different from Merit, for which Reason, he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A Success, says he, founded on the Ignorance of others, may bring a temporary Advantage, but neither a conscious Satisfaction, nor future Fame to the Author. Men of Sense despise the Affectation which they easily see through, and even they who were dazzled with it at first, are no sooner inform'd of its being an Affectation, but they imagine it also a Veil to cover Imperfection.*

The next Point I ventur'd to speak on, was the Sort of Poetry he intended to use; how some may fancy, a Poet of the greatest Fire wou'd be imitated better in the Freedom of Blank Verse, *and the Description of War sounds more pompous out of Rhime. But, will the Translation, said he, be thus remov'd enough from Prose, without greater Inconveniences? What Transposition is* Milton *forc'd to, as an Equivalent want of Rhime, in the Poetry of a Language which depends upon a natural Order of Words? And even this wou'd not have done his Business, had he not given the fullest Scope to his Genius, by choosing a Subject upon which there could be no Hyperboles. We see (however he be deservedly successful) that the* Ridicule *of his Manner succeeds better than the* Imitation *of it; because Transpositions, which are unnatural to a Language, are to be fairly derided, if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and because Hyperboles which outrage every lesser Subject where they are seriously us'd*

are often beautiful in Ridicule. Let the French, *whose Language is not copious, translate in Prose; but ours, which exceeds it in Copiousness of Words, may have a more frequent Likeness of Sounds, to make the Unison or Rhime easier; a Grace of Musick, that attones for the Harshness our Consonants and Monosyllables occasion.*

After this, I demanded what Air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's *Version, or modern, like* La Motte's *Contraction. To which he answer'd, by desiring me to observe what a Painter does who would always have his Pieces in Fashion. He neither chooses to draw a Beauty in a* Ruff, *or a* French-Head; *but with its Neck uncover'd, and in its natural Ornament of Hair curl'd up, or spread becomingly. So may a Writer choose a natural Manner of expressing himself which will always be in Fashion, without affecting to borrow an odd Solemnity and unintelligible Pomp from the past Times, or humouring the present by falling into its Affectations, and those Phrases which are born to die with it.*

I ask'd him, lastly, whether he would be strictly literal, or expatiate with further Licenses? I wou'd not be literal, replies he, or tye'd up to Line for Line in such a Manner, wherein it is impossible to express in one Language what has been deliver'd in another. Neither wou'd I so expatiate, as to alter my Author's Sentiments, or add others of my own. These Errors are to be avoided on either Hand, by adhering not only to the Word, but the Spirit and Genius of an Author; by considering what he means, with what beautiful Manner he has express'd his Meaning in his own Tongue, and how he would have express'd himself, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to seek for HOMER *in a* Version *of* HOMER. *Other Attempts are but Transformations of him; such as* Ovid *tells us, where the Name is retain'd, and the Thing alter'd. This will be really what you mention'd in the Compliment you began with, a Transmigration of the Poet from one Country into another.*

Here ended the serious Part of our Conference. All I remember further was, that having ask'd him, what he design'd with all those Editions and Comments I observ'd in his Room? he made Answer, That if any one, who had a Mind to find Fault with his Performance, wou'd but stay till it

was entirely finish'd, he shou'd have a very cheap Bargain of them.

Since this Discourse, I have often resolv'd to try what it was to translate in the Spirit of a Writer, and at last, chose the Battel of the Frogs and Mice, *which is ascrib'd to* Homer; *and bears a nearer Resemblance to his Iliad, than the* Culex *does to the Æneid of* Virgil. Statius *and others think it a Work of Youth, written as a Prelude to his greater Poems.* Chapman *thinks it the Work of his Age, after he found Men ungrateful; to shew he cou'd give Strength, Lineage and Fame as he pleas'd, and praise a* Mouse *as well as a* Man. *Thus, says he, the Poet professedly flung up the World, and apply'd himself at last to Hymns. Now, tho' this Reason of his may be nothing more than a Scheme form'd out of the Order in which* Homer's *Works are printed, yet does the Conjecture that this Poem was written after the* Iliad, *appear probable, because of its frequent Allusions to that Poem, and particularly that there is not a* Frog *or a* Mouse *kill'd, which has not its parallel Instance there, in the Death of some Warrior or other.*

The Poem itself is of the Epick Kind; the Time of its Action the Duration of two Days; the Subject (however in its Nature frivolous, or ridiculous) rais'd, by having the most shining Words and Deeds of Gods and Heroes accommodated to it: And while other Poems often compare the illustrious Exploits of great Men to those of Brutes, this always heightens the Subject by Comparisons drawn from Things above it. We have a great Character given it with Respect to the Fable in Gaddius de Script. non Eccles. *It appears, says he, nearer Perfection than the* Iliad *or* Odysses, *and excels both in Judgment, Wit, and exquisite Texture, since it is a Poem perfect in its own Kind. Nor does* Crusius *speak less to its Honour, with Respect to the Moral, when he cries out in an Apostrophe to the Reader; "Whoever you are, mind not the Names of "these little Animals, but look into the Things they mean; "call them Men, call them Kings, or Counsellors, or humane "Polity itself, you have here Doctrines of every Sort." And indeed, when I hear the* Frog *talk concerning the* Mouse's *Family, I learn, Equality shou'd be observ'd in making Friendships; when I hear the* Mouse *answer the* Frog, *I remember, that a Similitude of Manners shou'd be regarded in them;*

when

when I see their Councils assembling, I think of the Bustles of humane Prudence; and when I see the Battel grow warm and glorious, our Struggles for Honour and Empire appear before me.

This Piece had many Imitations of it in Antiquity, as the Fight of the Cats, *the* Cranes, *the* Starlings, *the* Spiders, *&c. That of the Cats is in the* Bodleian *Library, but I was not so lucky as to find it. I have taken the Liberty to divide my Translation into Books, (tho' it be otherwise in the Original) according as the Fable allow'd proper Resting-Places, by varrying its Scene, or Nature of Action: This I did, after the Example of* Aristarchus *and* Zenodotus *in the Iliad. I then thought of carrying the Grammarians Example further, and placing Arguments at the Head of each, which I fram'd as follows, in Imitation of the short Ancient* Greek Inscriptions *to the* Iliad.

BOOK I.
In Alpha *the Ground*
Of the Quarrel is found.

BOOK II.
In Beta, *we*
The Council see.

BOOK III.
Dire Gamma *relates*
The Work of the Fates.

But as I am averse from all Information which lessens our Surprize, I only mention these for a Handle to quarrel with the Custom of long Arguments before a Poem. It may be necessary in Books of Controversy or abstruse Learning, to write an Epitome before each Part, but it is not kind to foreſtal us in a Work of Fancy, and make our Attention remiss by a previous Account of the End of it.

The next Thing which employ'd my Thoughts was the Heroes Names. It might perhaps take off somewhat from the Majesty of the Poem, had I cast away such noble Sounds as, Physignathus, Lycopinax, *and* Crambophagus, *to substitute* Bluff-cheek, Lick-dish, *and* Cabbage-eater, *in their Places.*

It is for this Reason I have retain'd them untranslated: However, I place them in English *before the Poem, and sometimes give a short Character extracted out of their Names; as in* Polyphonus, Pternophagus, *&c. that the Reader may not want some Light of their Humour in the Original.*

But what gave me a greater Difficulty was, to know how I shou'd follow the Poet, when he inserted Pieces of Lines from his Iliad, *and struck out a Sprightliness by their new Application. To supply this in my Translation, I have added one or two of* Homer's *Particularities; and us'd two or three Allusions to some of our* English *Poets who most resemble him, to keep up some Image of this Spirit of the Original with an equivalent Beauty. To use more might make my Performance seem a Canto rather than a Translation, to those who know not the Necessity I lay under.*

I am not ignorant, after all my Care, how the World receives the best Compositions of this Nature. A Man need only go to a Painter's, and apply what he hears said of a Picture to a Translation, to find how he shall be us'd upon his own, or his Author's Account. There one Spectator tells you, a Piece is extreamly fine, but he sets no Value on what is not like the Face it was drawn for; while a second informs you, such another is extreamly like, but he cares not for a Piece of Deformity, tho' its Likeness be never so exact.

Yet notwithstanding all which happens to the best, when I translate, I have a Desire to be reckon'd amongst them; and I shall obtain this, if the World will be so good-natur'd as to believe Writers that give their own Characters: Upon which Presumption, I answer to all Objections beforehand, as follows:

When I am litteral, I regard my Author's Words; when I am not, I translate in Spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative Style; if high, the Subject requir'd it. When I am enervate, I give an Instance of ancient Simplicity; when affected, I show a Point of modern Delicacy. As for Beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any Faults, they proceeded from too unbounded Fancy, or too nice Judgment, but by no Means from any Defect in either of those Faculties.

THE

THE LIFE OF ZOILUS.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre. Martial.

THEY who have discours'd concerning the Nature and Extent of Criticism, take Notice, That Editions of Authors, the Interpretations of them, and the Judgment which is pass'd upon each, are the three Branches into which the Art divides itself. But the last of these, that directs in the Choice of Books, and takes Care to prepare us for reading them, is by the learned *Bacon* call'd the *Chair* of the *Criticks*. In this Chair (to carry on the Figure) have sate *Aristotle*, *Demetrius Phalereus*, *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, *Quintillian*, and *Longinus*; all great Names of Antiquity, the *Censors* of those Ages which went

before, and the *Directors* of thoſe that come after them, wit
Reſpect to the natural and perſpicuous Manners of Thoug
and Expreſſion, by which a correct and judicious *Genu*
may be able to write for the Pleaſure and Profit of Man
kind.

But whatever has been advanc'd by Men really great i
themſelves, has been alſo attempted by others of Capacitie
either unequal to the Underſtanding, or which have bee
corrupted by their Paſſions, and drawn away into parti
Violences: So that we have ſometimes ſeen the Provinc
of *Criticiſm* uſurp'd, by ſuch who judge with an *obſcure Di
ligence*, and a certain *Dryneſs of Underſtanding*, incapable
of underſtanding a figurative Style, or being mov'd by th
Beauties of Imagination; and at other Times by ſuch, whoſ
natural *Moroſeneſs in general*, or *particular Deſigns* of Envy
has render'd them indefatigable againſt the Reputation o
others.

In this laſt Manner is ZOILUS repreſented to us b
Antiquity, and with a Character ſo abandon'd, that hi
Name has been ſince made uſe of to brand all ſucceedin
Criticks of his Complexion. He has a Load of Infam
thrown upon him, great, in Proportion to the Fame o
Homer, againſt whom he oppos'd himſelf: If the one wa
eſteem'd as the very Reſidence of Wit, the other is deſcrib'
as a Profligate, who wou'd deſtroy the Temple of *Apoll*
and the *Muſes*, in order to have his Memory preſerv'd b
the envious Action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful
Undertaking to write ſome Account of this celebrated Per
ſon, from whom ſo many derive their Character; and
think the Life of a *Critick* is not unſeaſonably put before th
Works of his *Poet*, eſpecially when his Cenſures accompan
him. If what he advances be juſt, he ſtands here as a Cen
ſor; if otherwiſe, he appears as an Addition to the Poet'
Fame, and is placed before him with the Juſtice of Anti
quity in its Sacrifices, when, becauſe ſuch a Beaſt had offen
ded ſuch a Deity, he was brought annually to his Altar t
be ſlain upon it.

ZOILUS was born at *Amphipolis*, a City of *Thrace*, du
ring the Time in which the *Macedonian* Empire flouriſh'd
Who his Parents were is not certainly known, but if th
Appellation of *Thracian Slave*, which the World apply'd t
him

him, be not meerly an Expreſſion of Contempt, it proves him of mean Extraction. He was a Diſciple of one *Polycrates* a Sophiſt, who had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by writing againſt the great Names of the Ages before him; and who, when he is mention'd as his Maſter, is ſaid to be particularly famous for a bitter Accuſation or Invective againſt the Memory of *Socrates*. In this Manner is ZOILUS ſet out to Poſterity, like a Plant naturally baneful, and having its Poiſon render'd more acute and ſubtile by a Preparation.

In his Perſon he was tall and meagre, his Complexion was pale, and all the Motions of his Face were ſharp. He is repreſented by *Ælian*, with a Beard nouriſh'd to a prodigious Length, and his Head kept cloſe ſhav'd, to give him a Magiſterial Appearance: His Coat hung over his Knees in a ſlovenly Faſhion; his Manners were form'd upon an Averſion to the Cuſtoms of the World. He was fond of ſpeaking ill, diligent to ſow Diſſention, and from the conſtant Bent of his Thought, had obtain'd that Sort of Readineſs for Slander or Reproach, which is eſteem'd Wit by the light Opinion of ſome, who take the Remarks of ill Nature for an Underſtanding of Mankind, and the abrupt Laſhes of Rudeneſs for the Spirit of Expreſſion. This, at laſt, grew to ſuch a Height in him, that he became careleſs of concealing it; he threw off all Reſerves and Managements in Reſpect of others, and the Paſſion ſo far took the Turn of a Frenzy, that being one Day ask'd, why he ſpoke ill of every one? "It is (ſays he) becauſe I am not able to do them Ill, tho' I have ſo great a Mind to it." Such extravagant Declarations of his general Enmity made Men deal with him as with the Creature he affected to be; they no more ſpoke of him as belonging to the Species he hated; and from henceforth his learned Speeches, or fine Remarks, cou'd obtain no other Title for him; but that of *The Rhetorical Dog*.

While he was in *Macedon* he employ'd his Time writing, and reciting what he had written in the Schools of Sophiſts. His Oratory (ſays *Dioniſius Halicarnaſſenſis*) was always of the demonſtrative Kind, which concerns itſelf about Praiſe or Diſpraiſe. His Subjects were the moſt approv'd Authors, whom he choſe to abuſe upon the Account of their Reputation; and to whom, without going round

the

the Matter in *faint Praiſes* or *artificial Inſinuations*, he us'd to deny their own *Characteriſticks*. With this Gallantry of Oppoſition did he cenſure *Zenophon* for Affectation, *Plato* for vulgar Notions, and *Iſocrates* for Incorrectneſs. *Demoſthenes*, in his Opinion, wanted Fire, *Ariſtotle* Subtilty, and *Ariſtophanes* Humour. But, as to have Reputation was with him a ſufficient Cauſe of Enmity, ſo to have that Reputation univerſal, was what wrought his Frenzy to its wildeſt Degree; for which Reaſon it was *Homer* with whom he was moſt implacably angry. And certainly, if Envy chooſe its Object for the Power to give Torment, it ſhou'd here (if ever) have the Glory of fully anſwering its Intentions; for the Poet was ſo worſhip'd by the whole Age, that his Critick had not the common Alleviation of the Opinion of one other Man, to concur in his Condemnation.

ZOILUS however went on with indefatigable Induſtry in a voluminous Work which he entitled, *The* Ψόγος, or *Cenſure of* HOMER: 'Till having at laſt finiſh'd it, he prepares to ſend it into the World with a pompous Title at the Head, invented for himſelf by Way of Excellency, and thus inſerted after the Manner of the Ancients.

ZOILUS *the Scourge of* HOMER, *writ this againſt the Lover of Fables.*

Thus did he value himſelf upon a Work, which the World has not thought worth tranſmitting to us, and but juſt left a Specimen in five or ſix Quotations, which happen to be preſerv'd by the Commentators of that Poet againſt whom he writ it. If any One be fond to form a Judgment upon him from theſe Inſtances, they are as follows:

Il. 1. He ſays, HOMER is very ridiculous (a Word he was noted to apply to him) when he makes ſuch a God as *Apollo* employ himſelf in killing Dogs and Mules.

Il. 5. HOMER is very ridiculous in deſcribing *Diomedes*'s Helmet and Armour, as ſparkling, and in a Blaze of Fire about him, for then why was he not burn'd by it?

Il. 5. When *Idæus* quitted his fine Chariot, which was entangl'd in the Fight, and for which he might have been ſlain, the Poet was a Fool for making him leave his Chariot, he had better have run away in it.

Il. 24

Il. 24. When *Achilles* makes *Priam* lie out of his Tent, leſt the *Greeks* ſhou'd hear of his being there, the Poet had no Breeding, to turn a King out in that Manner.

Od. 9. The Poet ſays, *Ulyſſes* loſt an equal Number out of each Ship. The Critick ſays, that's impoſſible.

Od. 10. He derides the Men who were turn'd into Swine, and calls them HOMER's poor little blubbering Pigs. The firſt five of theſe Remarks are found in *Didymus*, the laſt in *Longinus*.

Such as theſe are the cold Jeſts and trifling Quarrels, which have been regiſtred from a Compoſition that (according to the Repreſentation handed down to us) was born in Envy, liv'd a ſhort Life in Contempt, and lies for ever bury'd with Infamy.

But, as his Deſign was judg'd by himſelf wonderfully well accompliſh'd, *Macedon* began to be eſteem'd a Stage too narrow for his Glory; and *Ægypt*, which had then taken Learning into its Patronage, the proper Place where it ought to diffuſe its Beams, to the Surprize of all whom he wou'd perſwade to reckon themſelves hitherto in the Dark, and under the Prejudices of a falſe Admiration. However as he had prepar'd himſelf for the Journey, he was ſuddenly diverted for a while by the Rumour of the *Olympick* Games, which were at that time to be celebrated. Thither he ſteer'd his Courſe full of the Memory of *Herodotus*, and others who had ſucceſsfully recited in that large Aſſembly; and pleas'd to imagine he ſhou'd alter all *Greece* in their Notions of Wit before he left it.

Upon his Arrival, he found the Field in its Preparation for Diverſion. The Chariots ſtood for the Race, carv'd and gilded, the Horſes were led in coſtly Trappings, ſome practis'd to wreſtle, ſome to dart the Spear, (or whatever they deſign'd to engage at) in a Kind of Flouriſh beforehand: Others were looking on to amuſe themſelves; and all gaily dreſs'd according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Places. Through theſe did ZOILUS move forward, bald-headed, bearded to the Middle, in a long ſad-colour'd Veſtment, and inflexibly ſtretching forth his Hands fill'd with Volumns roll'd up to a vaſt thickneſs: a Figure moſt venerably ſlovenly! able to demand Attention upon Account of its Oddneſs. And indeed, he had no ſooner fix'd himſelf upon an Eminence, but

a Crowd flock'd about him to know what he intended. Then the Critick caſting his Eyes on the Ring, open'd his Volume ſlowly, as conſidering with what Part he might moſt properly entertain his Audience. It happen'd, that the Games at *Patroclus*'s Obſequies came firſt into his thought; whether it was that he judg'd it ſuitable to the Place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the Games themſelves, as upon HOMER for celebrating them, and cou'd not reſiſt his natural Diſpoſition to give Mankind Offence. Every One was now intently faſten'd upon him, while he undertook to prove, that thoſe Games ſignify'd nothing to the Taking of *Troy*, and therefore only furniſh'd an impertinent Epiſode: that the Fall of the Leſſer *Ajax* in Cow-dung, the Squabble of the Chariot-Race, and other Accidents which attend ſuch Sports, are mean or trifling: and a World of other Remarks, for which he ſtill affirm'd HOMER to be a Fool, and which they that heard him took for ſtudy'd Invectives againſt thoſe Exerciſes they were then employ'd in. Men who frequent Sports, as they are of a chearful Diſpoſition, ſo are they Lovers of Poetry: This, together with the Opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to Impatience and further Licenſes: There was particularly a young *Athenian* Gentleman who was to run three Chariots in thoſe Games, who being an Admirer of HOMER, cou'd no longer contain himſelf, but cry'd out, "What in the Name of *Caſtor* have "we here, ZOILUS from *Thrace?*" and as he ſaid it ſtruck him with a Chariot-Whip. Immediately then a Hundred Whips were ſeen curling round his Head; ſo that his Face, naturally deform'd, and heighten'd by Pain to its utmoſt *Caricatura*, appear'd in the Midſt of them, as we may fancy the Viſage of Envy, if at any time her Snakes riſe in Rebellion to laſh their Miſtreſs. Nor was this all the Puniſhment they decreed him, when once they imagin'd he was ZOILUS: The *Scyronian* Rocks were near 'em, and thither they hurried him with a general Cry, to that ſpeedy Juſtice which is practis'd at Places of Diverſion.

It is here, that, according to *Suidas*, the Critick expir'd. But we following the more numerous Teſtimonies of other Authors, conclude he eſcap'd either by the Lowneſs of thoſe Rocks whence he was thruſt, or by Buſhes which might break

break his Fall; and ſoon after following the Courſes of his firſt Intention, he ſet Sail for *Ægypt*.

Ægypt was at this time govern'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, a Prince paſſionately fond of Learning, and learned Men; particularly an Admirer of HOMER to Adoration. He had built the fineſt Library in the World, and made the choiceſt, as well as moſt numerous Collection of Books. No Encouragements were wanting from him to allure Men of the brighteſt Genius to his Court, and no time thought too much which he ſpent in their Company. From hence it is that we hear of *Eratoſthenes* and *Ariſtophanes*, thoſe univerſal Scholars, and candid Judges of other Mens Performances: *Callimachus*, a Poet of the moſt eaſy, courteous Delicacy, famous for a Poem on the Cutting of *Berenice*'s Hair; and whom *Ovid* ſo much admired as to ſay, "It was Reaſon enough for him to love a Woman, if ſhe wou'd but tell "him he exceeded *Callimachus*;" *Theocritus*, the moſt famous in the Paſtoral Way of Writing: And among the young Men, *Ariſtarchus* and *Apollonius Rhodius*, the one of whom prov'd a moſt judicious Critick, the other a Poet of no mean Character.

Theſe and many more fill'd the Court of that munificent Prince, whoſe liberal Diſpenſations of Wealth and Favour became Encouragements to every One to exert their Parts to the utmoſt; like Streams which flow through different Sorts of Soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by Nature.

Such was the Court when ZOILUS arriv'd; but before he enter'd *Alexandria*, he ſpent a Night in the Temple of *Iſis*, to enquire of the Succeſs of his Undertaking; not that he doubted the Worth of his Works, but his late Misfortune had inſtructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore perform'd the accuſtom'd Sacrifice, and compos'd himſelf to reſt upon the Hide, he had a Viſion which foretold of his future Fame.

He found himſelf ſitting under the Shade of a dark Yew, which was cover'd with Hellebore and Hemlock, and near the Mouth of a Cave, where ſate a Monſter, pale, waſted, ſurrounded with Snakes, foſt'ring a Cockatrice in her Boſom; and curſing the Sun, for making the Work of the Deities appear in its Beauty. The Sight of this bred Fear in him;

when

when ſhe ſuddenly turning her ſunk Eyes, put on a hideous kind of a loving Grin, in which ſhe diſcover'd a Reſemblance to ſome of his own Features. Then turning up her Snakes, and interlacing them in the Form of a Turbant to give him leſs Diſguſt, ſhe thus addreſs'd herſelf: "Go on, my Son, "in whom I am renew'd, and proſper in thy brave Under-"takings on Mankind: Aſſert their Wit to be Dulneſs; prove "their Senſe to be Folly; know Truth only when it is on "thy own Side; and acknowledge Learning at no other "time to be uſeful. Spare not an Author of any Rank or "Size; let not thy Tongue or Pen know Pity; make the "living feel thy Accuſations; make the Ghoſts of the dead "groan in their Tombs for their violated Fame. But why "do I ſpend time in needleſs Advice, which may be better "us'd in Encouragement? Let thy Eyes delight themſelves "with the future Recompence which I have reſerv'd for thy "Merit." Thus ſpoke the Monſter, and ſhriek'd the Name of ZOILUS: The Shades who were to bear the ſame Name after him became obedient, and the Mouth of the Cave was fill'd with ſtrange ſupercilious Countenances, which all crowded to make their Appearance. Theſe began to march before him with an Imitation of his Mien and Manners: Some crown'd with wild Sorrel, others having Leaves of dead Bays mingled amongſt it; while the Monſter ſtill deſcrib'd them as he paſs'd, and touch'd each with a livid Track of malignant Light that ſhot from her Eye, to point where ſhe meant the Deſcription. "They (ſays ſhe) in the Chaplets of wild "Sorrel, are my Writers of Proſe, who erect Scandal into "Criticiſm: They who wear the wither'd Bay with it, are "ſuch who write Poems, which are profeſſedly to anſwer "all Rules, and be left for Patterns to Men of Genius. "Theſe that follow ſhall attack others, becauſe they are ex-"cell'd by them. The next Rank ſhall make an Author's "being read a ſufficient Ground of Oppoſition. Here march "my Grammarians skill'd to torture Words; there my Sons "of Sophiſtry, ever ready to wreſt a Meaning. Obſerve "how faint the foremoſt of the Proceſſion appear; and how "they are now loſt in yonder Miſts which roll about the "Cave of Oblivion! This ſhews, it is not for themſelves "that they are to be known; the World will conſider them "only as managing a Part of thy Endowments, and ſo know

"them

" them by thy Name while they live, that their own ſhall " be loſt for ever. But ſee how my Cave ſtill ſwarms! how " every Age produces Men, upon whom the Preſervation of " thy Memory devolves. My Darling, the Fates have de- " creed it! Thou art ZOILUS, and ZOILUS ſhall be eter- " nal: Come, my Serpents, applaud him with your Hiſſes, " that is all which now can be done; in modern times my " Sons ſhall invent louder Inſtruments, and artificial Imita- " tions, Noiſes which drown the Voice of Merit, ſhall fur- " niſh a Conſort to delight them." Here ſhe aroſe to claſp him in her Arms, a ſtrange Noiſe was heard, the Critick ſtarted at it, and his Viſion forſook him.

It was with ſome Confuſion, that he lay muſing a while upon what he had ſeen; but reflecting, that the Goddeſs had giv'n him no Anſwer concerning his Succeſs in *Ægypt*, he ſtrengthen'd his Heart in his ancient Self-Love and Enmity to others, and took all for an idle Dream born of the Fumes of Indigeſtion, or produc'd by the dizzy Motion of his Voyage. In this Opinion, he told it at his Departure to the Prieſt, who admiring the extraordinary Relation, regiſtred it in Hieroglyphicks at *Canopus*.

The Day when he came to *Alexandria* was one on which the King had appointed Games to *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, and Honours and Rewards for ſuch Writers as ſhou'd appear in them. This he took for a happy Omen at his Entrance, and, not to loſe an Opportunity of ſhewing himſelf, repair'd immediately to the publick Theatre, where, as if every thing was to favour him, the very firſt Accident gave his Spleen a Diverſion, which we find at large in the Proem of the ſeventh Book of *Vitruvius*. It happen'd that when the Poets had recited, ſix of the Judges decreed the Prizes with a full Approbation of all the Audience. From this *Ariſtophanes* alone diſſented, and demanded the firſt Prize for a Perſon whoſe baſhful and interrupted Manner of ſpeaking made him appear the moſt diſguſtful: For he (ſays the Judge) is alone a Poet, and all the reſt Reciters; and they who are Judges ſhou'd not approve Theſts, but Writings. To maintain his Aſſertion, thoſe Volumns were produc'd from whence they had been ſtoll'n: Upon which the King order'd them to be formally try'd for Theft, and diſmiſs'd with Infamy; but plac'd *Ariſtophanes* over his Library, as One, who had given

ven a Proof of his Knowledge in Books. This passage ZOILUS often afterwards repeated with Pleasure, for the Number of Disgraces which happen'd in it to the Pretender in Poetry; tho' his Envy made him still careful not to name *Aristophanes*, but a Judge in general.

However, Criticism had only a short Triumph over Poetry, when he made the next Turn his own, by stepping forward into the Place of reciting. Here he immediately rais'd the Curiosity, and drew the Attention of both King and People. But, as it happen'd, neither the one nor the other lasted; for the first Sentence where he had registred his own *Name* satisfied their Curiosity; and the next, where he offer'd to prove to a Court so devoted to HOMER, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finish his Audience. He was nevertheless heard quietly for some time, 'till the King seeing no End of his abusing the Prince of Philological Learning, (as *Vitruvius* words it) departed in Disdain. The Judges follow'd, deriding his Attempt as an Extravagance which cou'd not demand their Gravity; and the People taking a License from the Precedent, hooted him away with Obloquy and Indignation. Thus ZOILUS fail'd at his first Appearance, and was forc'd to retire, stung with a most impatient Sense of publick Contempt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he did not omit his Attendance at Court on the Day following, with a Petition that he might be put upon the Establishment of Learning, and allow'd a Pension. This the King read, but return'd no Answer: So great was the Scorn he conceiv'd against him. But ZOILUS still undauntedly renew'd his Petitions, 'till *Ptolemy*, being weary of his Persecution, gave him a flat Denial. HOMER, (says the Prince) who has been dead these thousand Years, has maintain'd thousands of People; and ZOILUS, who boasts he has more Wit than he, ought not only to maintain himself, but many others also.

His Petitions being thrown carelessly about, were fall'n into the Hands of Men of Wit, whom, according to his Custom, he had provok'd, and whom it is unsafe to provoke if you wou'd live unexpos'd. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the Bee, a Creature wing'd and lively, fond to rove through the choicest Flowers of Nature, and blest at home among the Sweets of its own Composi-

tion:

on: Not ill-natur'd, yet quick to revenge an Injury; not earing its Sting out of the Sheath; yet able to wound more rely than its Appearance wou'd threaten. Now theſe be- g made perſonal Enemies by his malicious Expreſſions, the ourt rung with Petitions of ZOILUS tranſvers'd; new etitions drawn up for him; Catalogues of his Merits, ſup- os'd to be collected by himſelf; his Complaints of Man's njuſtice ſet to a Harp out of Tune, and a Hundred other orts of Fancy, with which their Epigrams play'd upon im. Theſe were the Ways of Writing which ZOILUS ated, becauſe they were not only read, but retain'd eaſily, y Reaſon of their Spirit, Humour, and Brevity; and be- auſe they not only make the Man a Jeſt upon whom they e written, but a further Jeſt, if he attempt to anſwer them avely. However, he did what he cou'd in Revenge; he ndeavour'd to ſet thoſe whom he envy'd at Variance among emſelves; and invented Lies to promote his Deſign. He old *Eratoſthenes*, that *Callimachus* ſaid, his Extent of Lear- ing conſiſted but in a ſuperficial Knowledge of the Sciences; nd whiſper'd *Callimachus*, that *Eratoſthenes* only allow'd him have an artful habitual Knack of Verſifying. He would ave made *Ariſtophanes* believe, that *Theocritus* rally'd his nowledge in Editions as a curious Kind of Triffling; and *heocritus*, that *Ariſtophanes* derided the ruſtical Simplicity of is Shepherds. Tho' of all his Stories, that which he moſt alu'd himſelf for, was his conſtant Report, that every one hom he hated was a Friend to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, the nemy of *Ptolemy*.

But Malice is unſucceſsful when the Character of its Agent known: They grew more Friends to one another, by agining, that even what had been ſaid, as well as what d not, was all of ZOILUS's Invention; and as he grew ore and more the common Jeſt, their Deriſion of him be- me a Kind of Life and Cement to their Converſation.

Contempt, Poverty, and other Misfortunes had now ſo aſſaulted him, that even they who abhorr'd his Temper, con- ibuted ſomething to his Support, in common Humanity. et ſtill his Envy, like a vitiated Stomach, converted every indneſs to the Nouriſhment of his Diſeaſe; and 'twas the hole Buſineſs of his Life to revile HOMER, and thoſe by hom he himſelf ſubſiſted. In this Humour he had Days,

which

which were ſo given up to *impatient Ill-nature*, that he cou neither write any Thing, nor converſe with any One. The he ſometimes employ'd in throwing Stones at Children which was once ſo unhappily return'd upon him, that he w taken up for dead: And this occaſion'd the Report in ſom Authors, of his being ſton'd to Death in *Ægypt*. Or, ſome times he convey'd himſelf into the Library, where he blott the Name of HOMER wherever he could meet it, and to the beſt Editions of ſeveral Volumns; for which the Li rarians debarr'd him the Privilege of that Place. Theſe a other Miſchiefs made him univerſally ſhunn'd; nay, to ſuc an Extravagance was his Character of Envy carry'd, that t more ſuperſtitious *Ægyptians* imagin'd they were faſcinat by him, if the Day were darker, or themſelves a little hea vier than ordinary; ſome wore Sprigs of Rue, by Way Prevention; and others, Rings made of the Hoof of a wi Aſs for Amulets, leſt they ſhou'd ſuffer, by his fixing Eye upon them.

It was now near the time, when that ſplendid Temp which *Ptolemy* built in Honour of HOMER, was to be open with a ſolemn Magnificence: For this the Men of Genius we employ'd in finding a proper Pageant. At laſt, they agre by one Conſent, to have ZOILUS, the utter Enemy HOMER, hang'd in Effigie; and the Day being come, was on this Manner they form'd the Proceſſion. Twel beautiful Boys, lightly habited in White, with Purple Wing repreſenting the *Hours*, went on the foremoſt: After the came a Chariot exceeding high and ſtately, where ſate on repreſenting *Apollo*, with another at his Feet, who in th Pomp ſuſtain'd the Perſon of HOMER: *Apollo*'s Lawrel h little gilded Points, like the Appearance of Rays between Leaves; HOMER's was bound with a blue Fillet, like th which is worn by the Prieſts of the Deity: *Apollo* was diſtin guiſh'd by the golden Harp he bore: HOMER, by a Vo lumn, richly beautify'd with Horns of inlaid Ivory, and Ta ſels of Silver depending from them. Behind theſe came thr Chariots, in which rode nine Damſels, each of them wi that Inſtrument which is proper to each of the Muſes; amon whom, *Calliope*, to give her the Honour of the Day, ſate the Middle of the ſecond Chariot, known by her richer Ve ments. After theſe march'd a ſolemn Train aptly habite

lik

ke thoſe Sciences which acknowledge their Riſe or Improvement from this Poet. Then the Men of Learning who attended the Court, with Wreaths and Rods or Scepters of Lawrel, as taking upon themſelves the Repreſentation of *Rhapſodiſts*, to do Honour, for the time, to HOMER. In the Rear of all was ſlowly drawn along an odd Carriage, rather than a Chariot, which had its Sides artfully turn'd, and carv'd ſo as to bear a Reſemblance to the Heads of ſnarling Maſtiffs. In this was born, as led in Triumph, a tall Image of Deformity, whoſe Head was bald, and wound about with Nettles for a Chaplet. The Tongue lay lolling out, to ſhew Contempt of Mankind, and was fork'd at the End, to confeſs its Love to Detraction. The Hands were manacled behind, and the Fingers arm'd with long Nails, to cut deep through the Margins of Authors. Its Veſture was of the Paper of *Nilus*, bearing inſcrib'd upon its Breaſt in Capital Letters, *ZOILUS the HOMERO-MASTIX*; and all the reſt of it was ſcrawl'd with various Monſters of that River, as Emblems of thoſe Productions with which that Critick us'd to fill his Papers. When they had reach'd the Temple, where the King and his Court were already plac'd to behold them from its Galleries, the Image of ZOILUS was hung upon a Gibbet, there erected for it, with ſuch loud Acclamations as witneſs'd the Peoples Satisfaction. This being finiſh'd, the Hours knock'd at the Gates, which flew open, and diſcover'd the Statue of HOMER magnificently Seated, with the Pictures of thoſe Cities which contended for his Birth, rang'd in Order around him. Then they who repreſented the Deities in the Proceſſion, laying aſide their Enſigns of Divinity, ſhew'd in the Men of Learning with a Sound of Voices, and their various Inſtruments, to aſſiſt at a Sacrifice in Honour of *Apollo* and his Favourite HOMER.

It may be eaſily believ'd, that ZOILUS concluded his Affairs were at the utmoſt Point of Deſperation in *Ægypt*; wherefore, fill'd with Pride, Scorn, Anger, Vexation, Envy, and whatever cou'd torment him, except the Knowledge of his Unworthineſs) he flung himſelf aboard the firſt Ship which left that Country. As it happen'd, the Veſſel he ſail'd in was bound for *Aſia Minor*, and this landing him at a Port the neareſt to *Smyrna*, he was a little pleas'd amidſt his Miſery to think of decrying HOMER in another Place where he was ador'd,

ador'd, and which chiefly pretended to his Birth. So incorrigible was his Diſpoſition, that no Experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his Eaſe and Safety.

And as his Experience wrought nothing on him, ſo neither did the Accidents, which the Opinion of thoſe times took for ominous Warnings: For, he is reported to have ſeen the Night he came to *Smyrna*, a venerable Perſon, ſuch as HOMER is deſcrib'd by Antiquity, threatning him in a Dream; and in the Morning he found a Part of his Works gnaw'd by *Mice*, which, ſays *Ælian*, are of all Beaſts the moſt prophetick; inſomuch that they know when to leave a Houſe, even before its Fall is ſuſpected. Envy, which had no Relaxation, ſtill hurry'd him forward, for it is certainly true that a Man has not firmer Reſolution from Reaſon, to ſtand by a good Principle, than Obſtinacy from perverted Nature, to adhere to a bad one.

In the Morning as he walk'd the Street, he obſerv'd in ſome Places Inſcriptions concerning HOMER, which informd him where he liv'd, where he had taught School, and ſeveral other Particularities which the *Smyrneans* glory to have recorded of him; all which awaken'd and irritated the Paſſion of ZOILUS. But his Temper was quite overthrown, by the venerable Appearance which he ſaw, upon entring the *Homereum*; which is a Building compos'd of a Library, Porch and Temple erected to HOMER. Here a Phrenzy ſeiz'd him which knew no Bounds; he rav'd violently againſt the Poet, and all his Admirers; he trampled on his Works, he ſpurn'd about his Commentators, he tore down his Buſts from the Niches, threw the Medals that were caſt of him out of the Windows, and paſſing from one Place to another beat the aged Prieſts, and broke down the Altar. The Cries which were occaſioned by this Means brought in many upon him; who obſerv'd with Horror how the moſt ſacred Honours of their City were prophan'd by the frantick Impiety of a Stranger; and immediately dragg'd him to Puniſhment before their Magiſtrates, who were then ſitting. He was no ſooner there, but known for ZOILUS by ſome in Court, a Name a long time moſt hateful to *Smyrna*; which, as it valu'd it-ſelf upon the Birth of HOMER, ſo bore more impatiently than other Places, the Abuſes offer'd him. This made them eager to propitiate his Shade, and claim to themſelves

ves a ſecond Merit by the Death of ZOILUS; wherefore
ey ſentenc'd him to ſuffer by Fire, as the due Reward of
s Deſecrations; and order'd, that their City ſhou'd be pu-
y'd by a Luſtration, for having entertain'd ſo impious a
neſt. In Purſuance to this Sentence, he was led away, with
s Compoſitions born before him by the publick Executio-
r: Then was he faſten'd to the Stake, propheſying all the
hile how many ſhou'd ariſe to revenge his Quarrel: Parti-
larly, that when *Greek* ſhou'd be no more a Language,
ere ſhall be a *Nation* which will both *tranſlate* HOMER
o *Proſe*, and *contract* him in *Verſe*. At laſt, his Compo-
ions were lighted to ſet the Pile on Fire, and he expir'd
hing for the Loſs of them, more than for the Pain he ſuf-
'd: And perhaps to, becauſe he might foreſee in his pro-
etick Rapture, that there ſhou'd ariſe a Poet in another
ation, able to do HOMER Juſtice, and make him known
hongſt his People to future Ages.

Thus dy'd this noted Critick, of whom we may obſerve
m the Courſe of the Hiſtory, that as ſeveral Cities con-
ted for the Honour of the Birth of HOMER, ſo ſeveral
ve contended for the Honour of the Death of ZOILUS.
ith him likewiſe periſh'd his great Work on the *Iliad*, and
Odyſſes; concerning which we obſerve alſo, that as the
own Worth of HOMER's Poetry makes him ſurvive him-
f with Glory; ſo the bare Memory of ZOILUS's Criti-
m makes him ſurvive himſelf with Infamy. Theſe are de-
vedly the Conſequences of that *ill Nature* which made him
d of Detraction; that *Envy*, which made him chooſe ſo
ellent a Character for its Object; and thoſe *partial Methods*
Injuſtice with which he treated the Object he had choſen.

Yet how many commence Criticks after him, upon the
ne unhappy Principles? How many labour to deſtroy the
numents of the Dead, and ſummon up the Great from
ir Graves to anſwer for Trifles before them? How many,
Miſrepreſentations, both hinder the World from favour-
Men of Genius, and diſcourage them in themſelves; like
ughs of a baneful and barren Nature, that ſhoot a-croſs
ruit-Tree; at once to ſcreen the Sun from it, and hinder
y their Droppings from producing any thing of Value?
if theſe who thus follow ZOILUS, meet not the ſame

Severi-

Severities of Fate, becauſe they come ſhort of his Indefa
gableneſs, or their Object is not ſo univerſally the Conce
of Mankind; they ſhall nevertheleſs meet a Proportion of
in the inward Trouble they give themſelves, and the ou
ward Contempt others fling upon them: A Puniſhme
which every one has hitherto felt, who has really deſerv'd
be call'd a ZOILUS; and which will always be the natur
Reward of ſuch Mens Actions, as long as ZOILUS is t
proper Name of *Envy*.

HOMER's

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTEL

OF THE

FROGS and MICE.

Names of the Mice.

PSICARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*
Troxartas, *A Bread-eater.*
Lychonitis, *A Licker of Meal.*
Pternotractas, *A Bacon-eater.*
Lychopinax, *A Licker of Diſhes.*
Embaſichytros, *A creeper into Pots.*
Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheeſe Scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon Scooper.*
Pternophagus, *A Bacon eater.*
Cniſſodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchins.*
Sitophagus, *An eater of Wheat.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

Names of the Frogs.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who ſwells his Cheeks.*
Pelus, *A Name from Mud.*
Hydromeduſe, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Hypſiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Pelion, *From Mud.*
Seutlæus, *Call'd from the Beet*
Polyphonus, *A great Babbler*
Lymnocharis, *One who love the Lake.*
Crambophagus, *A Cabbage eater.*
Lymniſius, *Call'd from the Lake.*
Calaminthius, *From the Herb*
Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*
Praſſophagus, *An eater Garlick.*
Peluſius, *From Mud.*
Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*
Praſſæus, *Call'd from Garlick*
Craugaſides, *From Croaking*

HOMER's BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing Song with ſacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye ſweet Celeſtial Quire!
rom *Helicon*'s imbow'ring Height repair,
ttend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
he dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
he Springs of Conteſt, and the Fields of Fight;
low threat'ning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
nd wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
ot louder Tumults ſhook *Olympus*' Tow'rs,
hen Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.
heſe equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
nd thus the *Muſe* records the Tale of Fame.

Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching Claws of Death,
A Gentle *Mouſe*, whom Cats purſu'd in vain,
Fled ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring Plain,
Hung o'er a Brink, his eager Thirſt to cool.
And dipt his Whiskers in the ſtanding Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head;
And from the Waters, hoarſe-reſounding ſaid,

What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you boaſt?
What Chance hath caſt thee panting on our Coaſt?
With ſtricteſt Truth let all thy Words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.
If worthy Friendſhip, proffered Friendſhip take,
And ent'ring view the pleaſureable Lake:
Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable Fare.
This ſilver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great *Phyſignathus* I, from *Peleus*' Race,
Begot in fair *Hydromede*'s Embrace,
Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
The ſwift *Eridanus* delights to glide.
Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim
A ſcepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
Then trace thy Line, and aid my gueſſing Eyes,
Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouſe* replies.

Kn

Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly
Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The Soul of Great *Pſycarpax* lives in me.
Of brave *Troxartas'* Line, whoſe ſleeky Down
In Love compreſs'd *Lychomile* the brown.
My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
Born where a Cabin lifts its airy Shed,
With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
But ſince our Natures nought in common know,
From what Foundation can a Friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lye
Conceal'd in Flaskets from my curious Eye,
In vain the Tripe that boaſts the whiteſt Hue,
In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my View,
In vain the Cheeſes, offspring of the Pale,
Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale,
And as in Arts I ſhine, in Arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to Flight.
Tho' large to mine, the humane Form appear,
Not *Man* himſelf can ſmite my Soul with Fear.
Ay to the Bed with ſilent Steps I go,
Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,

And fix indented Wounds with dext'rous Skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel,
Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cause,
Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Bait:
All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent Warriers of the tabby Vest,
If to the dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
And rend our Heroes of the *nibling* Race!
But me, nor Snake, nor wanish Herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson Radish charm my Sight,
The Lake-resounding *Frogs* selected Fare,
Which not a *Mouse* of any Taste can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his Mind express,
His Answer thus the croaking King address.

Thy Words luxuriant on thy Daincies rove,
And, Stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Jove*:
We sport in Water, or we dance on Land,
And born amphibious, Food from both command.
But trust thy self where Wonders ask thy View,
And safely tempt those Seas, I'll bear thee thro':
Ascend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
And reach my marshy Court, and feast in State.

He ſaid, and bent his Back; with nimble Bound
Leaps the ſlight Mouſe, and claſps his Arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad Survey
The winding Banks reſembling Ports at Sea.
But when aloft the curling Water rides,
And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
His Thoughts grow conſcious of approaching Woe,
His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
Thick beats his Heart with unaccuſtom'd Fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore:
His Tail extended forms a fruitleſs Oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.

So paſs'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way;
With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,
And ſafe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.
Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the *Frog* ſupport
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.

As thus he ſorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-*Hydra* roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd Eyes, his Boſom heaves,
And darts with active Rage along the Waves.
Confus'd, the Monarch ſees his hiſſing Foe,
And dives to ſhun the fable Fates below.

Forgetful *Frog!* The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remore from Shore.
He graſps with fruitleſs Hands to find Relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief,
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with Fate in vain.
The weighty Moiſture clogs his hairy Veſt,
And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage expreſt.

Nor thou, that flings me flound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring Wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy Due, perfidious King!
Purſu'd by Vengeance on the ſwifteſt Wing:
At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine.
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching Eyes:
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers riſe!

This ſaid, he [illegible] and gaping dy'd.
His Death the [illegible]
As on the flow'ry [illegible]
Bask'd in the Beams, [illegible] away.
Loud ſhrieks the *Mouſe*, hiſſ[illegible] the Shores repeat;
The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
Grief, diſmal Grief enſues; deep Murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground.
From Lodge to Lodge the *ſacred Heraulds* run,
To fix their Counſel with the Riſing-Sun;

Where great *Troxartas* crown'd in Glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains;
Pfycarpax Father, Father now no more!
For poor *Pfycarpax* lies remote from Shore;
Supine he lies! the silent Waters stand,
And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!

HOMER's BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crouds,
Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious Breast,
And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addrest.

For lost *Psycarpax* much my Soul endures,
'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.
Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!
Our Eldest perished by the rav'ning *Cat*,
As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful sat.
Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,

Di

Dire *Arts* aſſiſt the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
And Men unpitying kill'd my *gallant Boy!*
The laſt, his *Country's* Hope, his *Parent's* Pride,
Plung'd in the Lake by *Phyſignathus*, dy'd.
Rouſe all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.

His Words in ev'ry Breaſt inſpir'd Alarms,
And careful *Mars* ſupply'd their Hoſt with Arms.
In verdant Hulls deſpoil'd of all their Beans,
The buskin'd Warriors ſtalk'd along the Plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corſelet made,
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd:
The Lamp's round Boſs affords their ample Shield;
Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear;
The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
Forſake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the Noiſes ſpring.
When near the Croud, diſclos'd to publick View,
The valliant Chief *Embaſichytrus* drew:
The ſacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And thus his Words expreſt his King's Command.

Ye *Frogs!* the *Mice* with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in Armour ſhake the ſhining Lance:

Their

Their hapleſs Prince by *Phyſignathus* ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.
Then arm your Hoſt, the doubtful Battel try;
Lead forth thoſe *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling yet perplex'd appear,
Much they reſent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends, I never forc'd the *Mouſe* to Death,
Nor ſaw the Gaſpings of his lateſt Breath.
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
To Vengeance now by falſe Appearance led,
They point their Anger at my guildleſs Head.
But wage the riſing War by deep Device,
And turn its Fury on the craſty *Mice*.
Your *King* directs the Way, my Thoughts elate
With Hopes of Conqueſt, form Deſigns of Fate.
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
And the ſteep Sides confine the ſleeping Wave,
There, near the Margin, clad in Armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous Shocks of Fight:
Then, where the dancing Feather joins the Creſt,
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouſe* arreſt;
Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a Foe,
'Till countleſs Circles whirl the Lake below;

Down ſink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the Waters, and the Shores reſound:
The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
And raiſe their glorious Trophies of the ſlain.

He ſpake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts
Redoubling Ardour to the boldeſt Hearts.
Green was the Suit his arming Heroes choſe,
Around their Legs the Graves of Mallows cloſe,
Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
And green the Colewort, which the Target made.
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their gloſſy Helmets gliſt'ned o'er the Field:
And tap'ring Sea-Reeds for the poliſh'd Spear,
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
Thus dreſs'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where *Jove*'s irradiate Spires ariſe,
With Stars ſurrounded in Æthereal Skies,
(A Solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden Seats:
The Sire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous Heroes ſtride!
What Length of Lance they ſhake with warlike Pride!
What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals!
So fierce *Centaurus* ravag'd o'er the Dales;

And ſo confirm'd, the daring *Titans* roſe,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.

This ſeen, the Pow'r his ſacred Viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,
And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the Liſt,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* aſſiſt?

Then thus to *Pallas*. If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by ſav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
And ſure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the Feaſt.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious Skies,
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead.
To ſuch thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my chryſtal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentleſs Wretches! all the Work was mine!
Along the Loom the purple Warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light Shoot, and croſt the ſilver Thread;

In this their Teeth a thouſand Breaches tear,
The thouſand Breaches ſkilful Hands repair,
For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that uſe no Coin, have none to give.
And Learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected Learning gains no Wealth below.)
Nor let the *Frogs* to win my Succour ſue,
Thoſe clam'rous Fools have loſt my Favour too.
For late, when all the Conflict ceaſt at Night,
When my ſtretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
When ſpent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And ſunk for Slumber on my ſwelling Shield;
Lo from the Deep, repelling ſweet Repoſe,
With noiſy Croakings half the Nation roſe:
Devoid of Reſt, with aking Brows I lay,
Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimſon Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear,
Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conqueſt of a meaner Foe.
Some daring Monſe may meet the wond'rous Odds,
Tho' Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.

So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*; her Words perſuade,
Great *Jove* aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

HOMER's

HOMER's BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

BOOK III.

NOw Front to Front the marching Armies ſhine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line;
The Chiefs conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
Give the loud Signal to the ruſhing War;
Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets Sound,
The ſounded Charge remurmers o'er the Ground,
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

Firſt to the Fight the large *Hypſiboas* flew,
And brave *Lychenor* with a Javelin ſlew,
The luckleſs Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
Stood foremoſt glitt'ring in the Poſt of Fame;

Who

When in his Liver ſtruck, the Javelin hung;
The *Mouſe* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
Prone to the Ground, he ſinks his cloſing Eye,
And ſoil'd in Duſt his lovely treſſes lie.

A Spear [illegible]
The miſſive Spear within the Boſom paſt;
Death's ſable Shades the fainting *Frog* ſurround,
And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
Embaſichytros felt *Seutlæus'* Dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;
But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the ſlain,
And big *Seutlæus* tumbling loads the Plain,
And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd,
For boaſtful Speech and Turbulence of Sound,
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul againſt the Face of Day.

The ſtrong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought;
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
(A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of ſure Retreat,
But Arts in vain elude impending Fate;)
Full on his ſinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd and took no wand'ring Aim;

Thro'

Thro' all the *Frog* the shining Jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd *Mouse* the Victor dies.

The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, less inur'd to Fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;
Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good *Tyroglyphus* assails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Lost to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthius* shuns by Flight,
Drops the green Target, springing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below.
But dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,
His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;

But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, *Hydrocharis* purſu'd,
Till fall'n in Death he lies, a ſhatt'ring Stone
Sounds on the Neck, and cruſhes all the Bone,
His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
And from his Noſtrils burſts the guſhing Brain.

Lychopinax with *Borbocætes* fights
A blameleſs *Frog* whom humbler Life delights;
The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And Darkneſs ſeals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.

Incens'd *Praſſophagus* with ſprightly Bound,
Bears *Cniſſiodortes* off the riſing Ground,
Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
And downward plunging, ſinks his Soul to Death.
But now the great *Pſycarpax* ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe Loſs provok'd the War)
Swift to revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
And thro' the Liver ſtruck *Peluſius* dead;
His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
His Soul indignant ſought the Shades of Hell.

This ſaw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
Heav'd with both Hands a monſt'rous Maſs of Mud,
The Cloud obſcene o'er all the Hero flies,
Diſhonours his brown Face, and bloſts his Eyes.

Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the Shore
A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
A Load for lab'ring Earth, (whose Bulk to raise,
Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.)
Full on the Leg arrives the rushing Wound;
The *Frog* supportless, wriths upon the Ground.

Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,
'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,
Hoarse-croaking Threats precede! with fatal Speed
Deep thro' the Belly run the pointed Reed,
Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.

The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with Pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain;
And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply
To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
There lurks the silent *Mouse* relieve'd from Heat,
And safe embowr'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

But here *Troxartes*, *Physignathus* there,
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
But where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Physignathus* flies,
Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,
And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.

The *Mouſe* ſtill urges, ſtill the *Frog* retires,
And half in Anguiſh of the Flight expires:

Then pious Ardor young *Praſſeus* brings,
Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings:
Lank, harmleſs *Frog!* with Forces hardly grown,
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes'* Shield,
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant Prince that far tranſcends his Years,
Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his Houſe,
And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouſe*:
His Action bold, robuſt his ample Frame,
And *Meridarpax* his refounding Name.
The Warrior ſingled from the fighting Crowd,
Boaſts the dire Honours of his Arm aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
To all its Nations threats approaching Fate,
And ſuch his Strength, the Silver Lakes around
Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.
But pow'rful *Jove*, who ſhews no leſs his Grace
To *Frogs* that periſh, than to humane Race,
Felt ſoft Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
And ſhook his ſacred Head, that ſhook the Pole.
Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began
The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Man*.

What

What Seas of Blood I view! what Worlds of ſlain!
An Iliad riſing from a Day's Campaign!
How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
The black-fur'd Hero *Meridarpax* ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome fav'ring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.
Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye:
While *Mars* refulgent on his rattling Car,
Arreſts his raging Rival of the War.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
When thus the glorious God of Combats ſaid.
Nor *Pallas*, *Jove!* tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
With all the Terrors of her hiſſing Shield,
Nor *Mars* himſelf, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
Aſcend his Car, and wheel amidſt the Fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
Or change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
When Heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.

'Twas thus th' Armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,

Deep

eep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
ympus trembles as the Thunders roll.
hen ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd Bolt around,
nd headlong darts it at the diſtant Ground,
he Bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
nd rends its flaming Paſſage thro' the Skies,
hen *Earth*'s Inhabitants, the Niblers, ſhake,
nd *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the *Waters*, quake.
et ſtill the *Mice* advance their dread Deſign,
nd the laſt Danger threats the croaking Line,
Till *Jove* that inly mourn'd the Loſs they bore,
With ſtrange Aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
hey march, a ſudden unexpected Crew!
trong Sutes of Armour round their Bodies cloſe,
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
n wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go;
With Harpy Claws their Limbs divide below;
ell Sheers the Paſſage to their Mouth command;
rom out the Fleſh their Bones by Nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their Backs, their ſhining Shoulders riſe;
Innumber'd Joints diſtort their lengthen'd Thighs;
With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black Eye-balls in their Boſom plac'd;
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread;
And either End alike ſupplies a Head.

Theſe

Theſe, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree,
The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with ſev'ring Graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
There, without Hands, upon the Field they lie.
Wrench'd from their Holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
Helpleſs Amazement, Fear purſuing Fear,
And mad Confuſion thro' their Hoſt appear:
O'er the wild Waſt with headlong Flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Weſtern Seas
Far-ſhooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays,
And a whole War (ſo *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

ZOILUS's REMARKS.

Ingenium magni Livor detrahit Amici,
Quisquis & ex illo Zoile nomen habes.

I MUST do my Reader the Justice, before I enter upon these NOTES of ZOILUS, to inform him, that I have not in any Author met this Work ascribed to him by its Title, which has made me not mention it in the LIST. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote several things besides his Censure on the *Iliad*, which, as it gives ground for this Opinion, encourages me to offer an Account of the Treatise.

Being acquainted with a grave Gentleman who searches after Editions, purchases Manuscripts, and collects Copies, I applied to him for some Editions of this Poem, which he readily oblig'd me with. But, added he, taking down a Paper, I doubt I shall discourage you from your Translation, when I show this Work, which is written upon

the Original, by ZOILUS, the famous Adversary of HOMER. ZOILUS! said I with Surprize, I thought his Works had long since perish'd. They have so, answer'd he, all, except this little Piece, which has a PREFACE annex'd to it accounting for its Preservation. It seems when he parted from *Macedon*, he left this behind him where he lodg'd, and where no one enter'd for a long time, in Detestation of the Odiousness of his Character, 'till *Mævius* arriving there in his Travels, and being desirous to lie in the same Room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the Author of the *Preface* imagins the Reason of *Horace*'s wishing *Mævius* in the 10th *Epode*, such a Shipwrack as HOMER describes; as it were with an Eye to his having done something disadvantageous to that Poet. From *Mævius*, the Piece came into the Hand of *Carbilius Pictor*, (who, when he wrote against *Virgil*, call'd his Book, with a respectful Imitation of ZOILUS, the *Ænidomastix*) and from him into the Hands of others who are unknown, because the World apply'd to them no other Name than that of ZOILUS in Order to sink their own in Oblivion. Thus it ever found some learned Philologist or Critick to keep it secret from the Rage of HOMER's Admirers; yet not so secret but that it has still been communicated among the *Literati*. I am of Opinion, that our Great *Scaliger* borrow'd it, to work him up when he writ so sharply against *Cardan*; and perhaps *Le Clerc* too, when he proy'd *Q. Curtius* ignorant of every particular Branch of Learning.

This formal Account made me give Attention to what the Book contain'd; and I must acknowledge, that whether it be his, or the Work of some Grammarian, it appears to be writ in his Spirit. The open Profession of Enmity to great Genius's, and the Fear of nothing so much as that he may not be able to find Faults enough, are the Resemblances of his strongest Features, that any one might take it for his own Production. To give the World a Notion of this, I have made a Collection of some REMARKS which most struck me, during that short time in which I was allow'd to peruse the Manuscript.

THE

THE

REMARKS

OF

ZOILUS

UPON

Homer's Battel

OF THE

FROGS and MICE.

BOOK I. *Page* 47. *line* 1.

TO fill my rising Song] As Protagoras *the Sophist found Fault with the Beginning of the* Iliad, *for its speaking to the* Muse *rather with an abrupt Command, than a solemn Invocation; so I,* says ZOILUS, *do on the other Hand find Fault with him for using any Invocation at all before this Poem, or any such Trifles as he is Author of. If he must use one,* Protagoras *is in the right; if not, I am: This*

I hold for true Criticism, notwithstanding the Opinion Aristotle *against us. Nor let any one lay a Stress on* Aristot *in this Point; he alas! knows nothing of Poetry but wh he has read in* HOMER; *his Rules are all extracted fr him, or founded in him. In short,* HOMER's *Works are the Examples of* Aristotle's *Precepts; and* Aristotle's *Prece the Methods* HOMER *wrought by.* From hence it is to concluded as the Opinion of this Critick, that whoev wou'd intirely destroy the Reputation of HOMER, mu renounce the Authority of *Aristotle* before-hand. T Rules of Building may be of Service to us, if we des to judge of an Edifice, and discover what may by amiss it for the Advantage of future Artificers; but they are no Use to those who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the Word [*Song*] in the first Line, the Origin adds, [*What I have written in my Tablets.*] These Word which are drop'd in the Translation as of no Consequen the Great ZOILUS has thought fit to expunge; asserti for a Reason, without backing it with farther Proof, *Th Tablets were not of so early Invention.* Now, it must granted, this Manner of *proving by Affirmation* is of an traordinary Nature, but however it has its End with of Readers for whom it is adapted. One Part of the W knows not with what Assurance another Part can expr itself. They imagine a reasonable Creature will not ha the Face to say any thing which has not some Shadow Reason to support it; and run implicitly into the Sna which is laid for good Nature, by these daring Authors definitive Sentences upon bare Assertion.

BOOK I. *page* 48. *line* 3. *Whom Cats pursu*d] The Gre Word here expresly signifies a *Cat:* ZOILUS, whom *P rizonius* follows, affirms, *It was Weezils which the Mo sted from*; and then objects against its Probability. But is common with one Sort of Criticks, to shew an Aut means differently from what he really did, and then to pro that the Meaning which *they* find out for him is good nothing.

BOOK I. *page* 48. *line* 13. *If worthy Friendship*] In th Proposal begins the Moral of the whole Piece, which is, th hasty, ill-founded, or unnatural Friendships and Leagu will naturally end in War and Discord. But ZOILUS, wh

is here mightily concern'd to take off from HOMER all the Honour of having deſign'd a Moral, aſſerts on the other Hand, *That the Poet's whole Intent was to make a Fable; that a Fable he has made, and one very idle and triffling; that many Things are aſcribed to* HOMER, *which poor* HOMER *never dream'd of; and he who finds them out rather ſhews his own Parts than diſcovers his Author's Beauties.* In this Opinion has he been follow'd by ſeveral of thoſe Criticks, who only dip into Authors when they have Occaſion to write againſt them: And yet even theſe ſhall ſpeak differently concerning the Deſign of Writers, if the Queſtion be of their own Performances; for to their own Works they write *Prefaces*, to diſplay the Grandneſs of the Moral, Regularity of the Scheme, Number and Brightneſs of the Figures, and a Thouſand other Excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one wou'd ever imagine. For others, they write *Remarks*, which tend to contract their Excellencies within the narrow Compaſs of their partial Apprehenſion. It were well if they cou'd allow ſuch to be as wiſe as themſelves, whom the World allows to be much wiſer: But their being naturally Friends to themſelves, and profeſſedly Adverſaries to ſome greater Genius, eaſily accounts for theſe different Manners of Speaking. I will not leave this Note, without giving you an Inſtance of its Practice in the Great *Julius Scaliger*: He has been free enough with HOMER in the *Remarks* he makes upon him; but when he ſpeaks of himſelf, I deſire my Reader wou'd take Notice of his Modeſty; I give his own Words, Lib. 3. Poet. Cap. 112. *In Deum Patrem Hymnum cum ſcriberemus tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipſius creatione ad nos uſque deduximus.——In quo abduximus animum noſtrum à temporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem ſanctiſſimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus eſt, ut cum lenitſimis numeris eſſet inchoatus Hymnus, repentino divini Ignis impetu conflagravit.*

BOOK I. *page* 49. *line* 15. *The circled Loaves.*] ZOILUS *here finds fault with the Mention of Loaves, Tripes, Bacon and Cheeſe, as Words below the Dignity of the* Epick, *as much* (ſays he) *as it wou'd be to have opprobrious Names given in it.* By which Expreſſion we eaſily ſee, he hints at the

the First Book of the *Iliad*. Now, we muſt conſider
Anſwer, that it is a *Mouſe* which is ſpoken of, that Eat
is the moſt appearing Characteriſtick of that Creature, t
theſe Foods are ſuch as pleaſe it moſt; and to have
ſcrib'd particular Pleaſures for it in any other Way, wo
have been as incongruous, as to have deſcrib'd a haugh
loud Anger without thoſe Names which it throws out
its Fierceneſs, and which raiſe it to its Pitch of Phren
In the one Inſtance you ſtill ſee a *Mouſe* before you, ho
ever the Poet raiſes it to a Man; in the other you ſh
ſee a Man before you; however the Poet raiſes him t
Demi-God. But ſome call that *low*, which others
natural. Every Thing has two Handles, and the Cri
who ſets himſelf to cenſure all he meets, is under an O
ligation ſtill to lay hold on the worſt of them.

BOOK I. *page* 50. *line* 11. *But no, nor Stalks*] In t
Place ZOILUS *laughs at the Ridiculouſneſs of the Poet*,
(according to his Repreſentation) *makes a Prince refuſe
Invitation in Heroicks, becauſe he did not like the Mea
was invited to*. And, that the Ridicule may appear i
ſtrong a Light to others as to himſelf, he puts as much
the Speech as concerns it into Burleſque Airs and Expr
ſions. This is indeed a common Trick with *Remark*
which they either practice by Precedent from their Ma
ZOILUS, or are beholding for it to the ſame Turn
Temper. We acknowledge it a fine Piece of Satyr, wh
there is Folly in a Paſſage, to lay it open in the Way
which it naturally requires to be expos'd: Do this ha
ſomely, and the Author is deſervedly a Jeſt. If, on t
contrary, you dreſs a Paſſage which was not origina
fooliſh, in the higheſt Humour of Ridicule, you only fra
ſomething which the Author himſelf might laugh at, wi
out being more nearly concern'd than another Reader

BOOK I. *page* 51. *line* 15. *So paſſed* Europa] Th
Simile makes ZOILUS, who ſets up for a profeſs'd Ene
of Fables, to exclaim violently. *We had*, ſays he, *a Fr
and a* Mouſe *hitherto, and now we get a Bull and a Pr
ceſs to illuſtrate their Actions: When will there be an E
of this Fabling-Folly and Poetry, which I value my ſelf
being unacquainted with?* O *great* Polycrates, *how ha
pily haſt thou obſerv'd in thy Accuſation againſt* Socra

The

That whatever he was before, he deſerv'd his Priſon when he began to make Verſes! Now, if the Queſtion be concerning HOMER's good or bad Poetry, this is an unqualifying Speech, which affords his Friends juſt Grounds of Exception againſt the Critick. Wherefore, be it known to all preſent and future Cenſors, who have, or ſhall preſume to glory in an Ignorance of Poetry, and at the ſame time take upon them to judge Poets, that they are in all their Degrees for ever excluded the Poſt they would uſurp. In the firſt Place, they who know neither the Uſe, nor Practice of the Art; in the ſecond, they who know it but by Halves, who have Hearts inſenſible of the Beauties of Poetry, and are however able to find Fault by Rules; and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving Beauties and pointing out Defects, are ſtill ſo ignorant in the Nature of their Buſineſs, as to imagine the Province of Criticiſm extends itſelf only on the Side of Diſpraiſe and Reprehenſion. How cou'd any one at this Rate be ſeen with his proper Ballance of Perfection and Error? or what were the beſt Performances in this Indulgence of ill Nature, but as Apartments hung with the Deformities of Humanity, done by ſome great Hand, which are the more to be abhorr'd, becauſe the Praiſe and Honour they receive, reſults from the Degree of Uneaſineſs, to which they put every Temper of common Goodneſs?

BOOK I. *page.* 52. *line* 16. *Ye Mice, ye Mice*] The Ancients believ'd that Heroes were turn'd into Demi-Gods at their Death, and in general, that departing Souls have ſomething of a Sight into Futurity. It is either this Notion, or a Care which the Gods may take to abate the Pride of inſulting Adverſaries, which a Poet goes upon, when he makes his Leaders die foretelling the End of thoſe by whom they are ſlain. ZOILUS however is againſt this Paſſage. He ſays, *That every Character ought to be ſtrictly kept; that a General ought not to invade the Character of a Prophet, nor a Prophet of a General.* He is poſitive, *That nothing ſhou'd be done by any one, without having been hinted at in ſome previous Account of him.* And this he aſſerts, without any Allowance made either for a Change of States, or the Deſign of the Gods. To confirm this Obſervation, he ſtrengthens it with a Quotation out of

his larger Work on the *Iliads*, where he has these Words upon the Death of *Hector*: *How fooliſh is it in* HOMER *to make* Hector (*who thro' the whole Courſe of the* Iliad *has made uſe of* Helenus, *to learn the Will of the Gods*) *become a Prophet juſt at his Death? Let every one be what he ought without falling into thoſe Parts which others are to ſuſtain in a Poem.* This he has ſaid, not diſtinguiſhing rightly between our natural Diſpoſitions and accidental Offices. And this he has ſaid again, not minding, that tho' it be taken from another Book, it is ſtill from the ſame Author. However, Vanity loves to gratify itſelf by the Repetition of what it eſteems to be written with Spirit, and even when we repeat it our ſelves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been follow'd by a Magiſterial Set of Men who quote themſelves, and ſwell their new Performances with what they admire in their former Treatiſes. This is a moſt extraordinary Knack of Arguing, whereby a Man never want a Proof, if he be allow'd to become an Authority for his own Opinion.

BOOK I. *page* 53. *line* 6. *And no kind Billow.*] *How impertinent is this Caſe of Pity*, ſays ZOILUS, *to bemoan that the Prince was not roſs'd towards Land: It is enough he loſt his Life, and there is an End of his Suffering where there is an End of his Feeling. To carry the Matter further is juſt the ſame fooliſh Management as* HOMER *has ſhewn in his* Iliads, *which he ſpins out into forty Trifles beyond the Death of* Hector. But the Critick muſt allow me to put the Readers in Mind, that Death was not the laſt Diſtreſs the Ancients believ'd was to be met upon Earth. The laſt was the remaining unbury'd, which had this Miſery annex'd, that while the Body was without its Funeral Rites in this World, the Soul was ſuppos'd to be without Reſt in the next. Which was the Caſe of the *Mouſe* before us. And accordingly the *Ajax* of *Sophocles* continues after the Death of its Heroe more than an Act, upon the Conteſt concerning his Burial. All this ZOILUS knew very well: But ZOILUS is not the only one, who diſputes for Victory rather than Truth. Theſe fooliſh Criticks write even Things they themſelves can anſwer, to ſhew how much they can write againſt an Author. They act unfairly, that they may be ſure to be ſharp enough; and trifle with the Reader,

Reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needless to wish them the Return they deserve: Their Disregard to Candour is no sooner discover'd, but they are for ever banish'd from the Eyes of Men of Sense, and condemn'd to wander from Stall to Stall, for a temporary Refuge from that Oblivion which they can't escape.

BOOK II. *page* 54. *line* 9. *Our Eldest perish'd*] ZOILUS has here taken *the Recapitulation of those Misfortunes which happen'd to the Royal Family, as an Impertinence that expatiates from the Subject*; tho' indeed there seems nothing more proper to raise that Sort of Compassion, which was to enflame his Audience to War. But what appears extreamly pleasant is, that at the same time he condemns the Passage, he shou'd make use of it as an Opportunity, to fall into *an ample Digression on the various Kinds of Mouse-Traps*, and display that minute Learning which every Critick of his Sort is fond to shew himself Master of. This they imagine is tracing of Knowledge thro' its hidden Veins, and bringing Discoveries to Day-light, which Time had cover'd over. Indefatigable and useless Mortals! who value themselves for Knowledge of no Consequence, and think of gaining Applause by what the Reader is careful to pass over unread. What did the Disquisition signify formerly, whether *Ulysses*'s Son, or his Dog, was the elder? or how can the Account of a Vesture, or a Player's Masque, deserve that any shou'd write the Bulk of a Treatise, or others read it when it is written; A Vanity thus poorly suported, which neither affords Pleasure nor Profit, the unsubstantial Amusement of a Dream to our selves, and a provoking Occasion of our Derision to others.

BOOK II. *page* 55. *line* 11. *Quils aptly bound——— Sac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they stay'd.*] This Passage is something difficult in the Original, which gave ZOILUS the Opportunity of inventing an Expression, which his Followers conceitedly use when any thing appears dark to them. *This*, say they, *let* Phœbus *explain*; as if what exceeds their Capacity must of Necessity demand Oracular Interpretations, and an Interposal of the God of Wit and Learning. The Basis of such Arrogance is the Opinion they have of that Knowledge they ascribe to themselves. They take Criticism to be beyond every other Part

of Learning, becauſe it gives Judgment upon Books wr
ten in every other Part. They think in Conſequence, t
every Critick muſt be a greater Genius than any Auth
whom he cenſures; and therefore if they eſteem the
ſelves Criticks, they ſet enthron'd Infancy at the He
of Literature. Criticiſm indeed deſerves a noble Elo
when it is enlarg'd by ſuch a comprehenſive Learn
as *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* were Maſters of; when it ado
its Precepts with the conſummate Exactneſs of *Quintil*
or is exalted into the ſublime Sentiments of *Longi*
But let not ſuch Men tell us they participate in the Gl
of theſe great Men, and place themſelves next to *Phæ*
who, like ZOILUS, entangle an Author in the Wran
of Grammarians, or try him with a poſitive Air and
ren Imagination, by the Set of Rules they have colle
out of others.

BOOK II. *page* 55. *line* 25. *To Frogs, the Mice.*] In this Speech of the Heralds, which recites the Cauſe of War, ZOILUS is angry with the Author, *for not finding out a Cauſe entirely juſt*; *for*, ſays he, *it appears not from his own Fable, that* Phyſignathus *invited the Prince with any malicious Intention to make him away.* To this I anſwer, 1ſt. That it is not neceſſary in relating Facts to make every War have a juſt Beginning. 2dly, The doubtful Cauſe agrees better with the Moral, by ſhewing that ill-founded Leagues have Accidents to deſtroy them even without the Intention of Parties. 3dly, There is all Appearance imaginable againſt the Frogs; and if it may be allow'd to retort on our Adverſary the Prac of his Poſterity, there is more Humanity in an Hoſtil proclaim'd upon the Appearance of Injuſtice done us, th in their Cuſtom of attacking the Works of others as ſo as they come out, purely becauſe they are eſteem'd to good. Their Performances, which cou'd derive no M from their own Names, are then ſold upon the Merit their Antagoniſt: And if they are ſenſible of Fame, even of Envy, they have the Mortification to remem how much by this Means they become indebted to th they injure.

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BOOK II. *page* 56 *line* 19 *Where high the Banks.*] This Project is not put in Practice during the following Battel, by Reaſon of the Fury of the Combatants: Yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this Place, foraſmuch as the probable Face of Succeſs which it carries, with it tended to animate the *Frogs*. ZOILUS however cannot be ſatisfied; *It were better*, ſays he, *to cut it intirely out, nor wou'd* HOMER *be the worſe if half of him were ſerv'd in the ſame Manner: ſo*, continues he, *they will find it, whoever in any Country ſhall hereafter undertake ſo odd a Task, as that of Tranſlating him.* Thus Envy finds Words to put in the Mouth of Ignorance; and the Time will come, when Ignorance ſhall repeat what Envy has pronounced ſo raſhly.

BOOK II. *page* 57, *line* 13. *And tap'ring Sea-Reed.*] If we here take the Reed for that of our own Growth, it is no Spear to match the long Sort of Needles, with which the Mice had arm'd themſelves; but the Cane, which is rather intended, has its Splinters ſtiff and ſharp, to anſwer all the Uſes of a Spear in Battel. Nor is it here to be lightly paſt over, ſince ZOILUS moves a Queſtion upon it, that the Poet cou'd not chooſe a more proper Weapon for the *Frogs*, than that which they chooſe for themſelves in a defenſive War they maintain with the Serpents of *Nile*. *They have this Stratagem*, ſays *Elian*, *to protect themſelves; they ſwim with Pieces of Cane acroſs their Mouths, of too great a Length for the Breadth of the Serpents Throats; by which Means they are preſerv'd from being ſwallow'd by them.* This is a Quotation ſo much to the Point, that I ought to have uſher'd in my Author with more Pomp to dazzle the Reader. ZOILUS and his Followers, who ſeldom praiſe any Man, are however careful to do it for their own Sakes, if at any time they get an Author of their Opinion: Tho' indeed it muſt be allow'd, they ſtill have a Drawback in their Manner of Praiſe, and rather chooſe to drop the Name of their Man, or darkly hint him in a Periphraſis, than to have it appear that they have directly aſſiſted the perpetuating of any one's Memory. Thus, if a *Dutch* Critick were to introduce for Example *Martial*, he wou'd, inſtead of naming him, ſay, *Ingenioſus ille Epigrammaticus Bilbilicus.* Or, if

one

one of our own were to quote from among ourſelves, he wou'd tell us how it has been remark'd *in the Works of a learned Writer, to whom the World is oblig'd for many excellent Productions*, &c. All which Proceeding is like boaſting of our great Friends, when it is to do our ſelves Honour, or the Shift of dreſſing up one who might otherwiſe be diſregarded, to make him paſs upon the World for a reſponſible Voucher to our own Aſſertions.

BOOK II. *page* 57. *line* 17. *But now where* Jove's.] In this fine Epiſode, in which the Gods are introduc'd, ZOILUS has no Patience left him to remark; but runs ſome Lines with a long String of ſuch Expreſſions as *Trifler, Fabler, Lyer, fooliſh, impious*, all which he laviſhly heaps upon the Poet. From this Knack of calling Names, join'd with the ſeveral Arts of finding Fault, it is to be ſuſpected that our ZOILUS's might make very able Libellers, and dangerous Men to the Government, if they did not rather turn themſelves to be ridiculous Cenſors: For which Reaſon I cannot but reckon the State oblig'd to Men of Wit; and under a Kind of Debt in Gratitude, when they take off ſo much Spleen, Turbulency, and Ill-nature, as might otherwiſe ſpend itſelf to the Detriment of the Publick.

BOOK II. *page* 58. *line* 7. *If my Daughter's Mind.*] This Speech, which *Jupiter* ſpeaks to *Pallas* with a pleaſant Kind of Air, ZOILUS takes gravely to Pieces, and affirms, *it is below* Jupiter's *Wiſdom, and only agreeable with* HOMER's *Folly, that he ſhou'd borrow a Reaſon for her aſſiſting the Mice from their Attendance in the Temple, when they waited to prey upon thoſe Things which were ſacred to her.* But the Air of the Speech rendering a grave Anſwer unneceſſary; I ſhall only offer ZOILUS an Obſervation in Return for his. There are upon the Stone that is carv'd for the Apotheoſis of HOMER, Figures of *Mice* by his Footſtool, which, according to *Cuperus*, its Interpreters, ſome have taken to ſignify this Poem; and others thoſe Critick, who tear or vilify the Works of great Men. Now, if ſuch can be compared to *Mice*, let the Words of ZOILUS be brought home to himſelf and his Followers for their Mortification: *That no one ought to think of meriting in the State of Learning only by debaſing the beſt Performances, and*

as it were preying upon thoſe Things which ſhou'd be ſacred in it.

BOOK II. *page* 58. *line* 15. *In vain my Father.*] The Speech of *Pallas* is diſlik'd by ZOILUS, *becauſe it makes the Goddeſs carry a Reſentment againſt ſuch inconſiderable Creatures*; tho' he ought to eſteem them otherwiſe when they repreſent the Perſons and Actions of Men, and teach us how the Gods diſregard thoſe in their Adverſities who provoke them in Proſperity. But, if we conſider *Pallas* as the Patroneſs of Learning, we may by an allegorical Application of the *Mice* and *Frogs*, find in this Speech two Sorts of Enemies to Learning; they who are maliciouſly miſchievous, as the *Mice*; and they who are turbulent through Oſtentation, as the *Frogs*. The firſt are Enemies to Excellency upon Principle; the ſecond accidentally by the Error of Self-Love, which does not quarrel with the Excellence itſelf, but only with thoſe People who get more Praiſe than themſelves by it. Thus, tho' they have not the ſame Perverſneſs with the others, they are however drawn into the ſame Practices, while they ruin Reputations, leſt they ſhou'd not ſeem to be learn'd; as ſome Women turn Proſtitutes, leſt they ſhou'd not be thought handſome enough to have Admirers.

BOOK III. *page* 60 *line* 5. *The dreadful Trumpets.*] Upon the reading of this, ZOILUS becomes full of Diſcoveries. He recollects, *that* HOMER *makes his* Greeks *come to Battel with Silence, and his* Trojans *with Shouts*, from whence he diſcovers, *that he knew nothing of Trumpets.* Again, he ſees, *that the* Hornet *is made a Trumpeter to the Battel*, and hence he diſcovers, *that the Line muſt not be* HOMER's. Now had he drawn his Conſequences fairly, he cou'd only have found by the one, that Trumpets were not in Uſe at the taking of *Troy*; and by the other, that the Battel of *Frogs* and *Mice* was laid by the Poet for a later Scene of Action than that of the *Iliad*. But the Boaſt of Diſcoveries accompanies the Affectation of Knowledge; and the Affectation of Knowledge is taken up with a Deſign to gain a Command over the Opinions of others. It is too heavy a Task for ſome Criticks to ſway our Judgments by rational Inferences; a pompous Preſence muſt occaſion Admiration, the Eyes of

Mankind

Mankind muſt be obſcur'd by a Glare of Pedantry, that they may conſent to be led blindfold, and permit that an Opinion ſhou'd be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reaſon'd into it.

BOOK III. *page* 61. *line* 12. *Big* Seutlæus *Tumbling*] ZOILUS has happen'd to bruſh the Duſt off ſome old Manuſcript, in which the Line that kills *Seutlæus* is wanting. And for this Cauſe he fixes a general Concluſion, *that there is no Dependance upon any Thing which is handed down for* HOMER's, *ſo as to allow it Praiſe, ſince the different Copies vary amongſt themſelves.* But is it fair in ZOILUS, or any of his Followers, to oppoſe one Copy to a Thouſand? and are they impartial who wou'd paſs this upon us for an honeſt Ballance of Evidence? When there is ſuch an Inequality on each Side, is it not more than probable that the Number carry the Author's Senſe in them, and the ſingle one its Tranſcribers Errors? It is Folly or Madneſs of Paſſion to be thus given over to Partiality and Prejudices. Men may flouriſh as much as they pleaſe concerning the Value of a new found Edition, in order to byaſs the World to particular Parts of it, but in a Matter eaſily decided by common Senſe, it will ſtill continue of its own Opinion.

BOOK III. *page* 63. *line* 7. *With* Borbocætes *fights.*] Through the Grammatical Part of ZOILUS's Work he frequently rails at HOMER for his Dialects. *Theſe,* ſays he in one place, *the Poet made uſe of becauſe he could not write pure* Greek; and in another, *they ſtrangely contributed to his Fame, by making ſeveral Cities who obſerv'd ſomething of their own in his mix'd Language, contend for his being one of their Natives.* Now ſince I have here practis'd a Licenſe in Imitation of his, by ſhort'ning the Word *Borbocætes* a whole Syllable, it ſeems a good Opportunity to ſpeak for him where I defend myſelf. Remember then, that any great Genius who introduces Poetry into a Language, has a Power to poliſh it, and of all the Manners of ſpeaking then in uſe, to ſettle that for Poetical which he judges moſt adapted to the Art. Take Notice too, that HOMER has not only done this for Neceſſity but for Ornament, ſince he uſes various Dialects to humour his Senſe with Sounds which are expreſſive of it. Thus much in

Behalf

Behalf of my Author to anſwer ZOILUS: As for myſelf, who deal with his Followers, I muſt argue from Neceſſity, that the Word was ſtubborn and wou'd not ply to the Quantities of an *Engliſh* Verſe, and therefore I alter'd it by the *Dialect* we call *Poetical*; which makes my Line ſo much ſmoother, that I am ready to cry with their Brother *Lipſius*, when he turn'd an O into an I, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit Phœbus, quando hoc carmen.* To this let me add a Recrimination upon ſome of them: As firſt, ſuch as chooſe Words written after the Manner of thoſe who preceded the pureſt Age of a Language, without the Neceſſity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perdait* for *perdidit*, which Reſtoration of obſolete Words deſerves to be call'd a *Critical Licence* or *Dialect*. 2*dly*, Thoſe who pretending to Verſe without an Ear, uſe the *Poetical Dialect* of *Abbreviation*, ſo that the Lines ſhall run the rougher for it. And, 3*dly*, Thoſe who preſume by their *Critical Licences* to alter the Spellings of Words; an Affectation which deſtroys the Etymology of a Language, and being carry'd on by private Hands for Fancy or Faſhion, wou'd be a thing we ſhou'd never have an End of.

BOOK III. *page* 66. *line* 13. *Nor Pallas, Jove.*] *I cannot*, ſays ZOILUS, *but reflect upon this Speech of* Mars, *where a* Mouſe *is oppos'd to the God of War, the Goddeſs of Valour, the Thunder of* Jupiter, *and all the Gods at once, but I rejoyce to think that* Pythagoras *ſaw* HOMER's *Soul in Hell hanging on a Tree and ſurrounded with Serpents for what he ſaid of the Gods.* Thus he who hates Fables anſwers one with another, and can rejoyce in them when they flatter his Envy. He appears at the Head of his Squadron of Criticks, in the full Spirit of one utterly devoted to a Party, with whom Truth is a Lye, or as bad as a Lye, when it makes againſt him; and falſe Quotations paſs for Truth, or as good as Truth, when they are neceſſary to a Cauſe.

BOOK III. *page* 68. *line* 15. *And a whole War.*] *Here*, ſays ZOILUS, *is an End of a very fooliſh Poem, of which by this Time I have effectually convinc'd the World, and ſilenc'd all ſuch for the future, who, like* HOMER, *write Fables to which others find Morals, Characters whoſe Juſtneſs is queſtion'd, unneceſſary Digreſſions, and impious Epiſodes.*

But

But what Assurance can such as ZOILUS have, that the World will ever be convinc'd against an establish'd Reputation, by such People whose Faults in writing are so very notorious? who judge against Rules, affirm without Proofs, and censure without Manners? who quote themselves for a Support of their Opinions, found their Pride upon a Learning in Trifles, and their Superiority upon Qualities they magisterially make? who write of Beauties in a barbarous Style, judge of Excellency with a Lowness of Spirit, and pursue their Defire to decry it with every Artifice of Envy? There is no Disgrace in being censur'd, where their is no Credit to be favour'd. But, on the contrary, Envy gives a Testimony of some Perfection in another; and one who is attack'd by many, is like a Heroe whom his Enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the Spears of a Battel against him. In short, an Author who writes for every Age, may even erect himself a Monument of those Stones which Envy throws at him: While the Critick who writes against him can have no Fame because he has no Success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he shou'd remember, that by the Nature of his Undertaking he wou'd but undermine his own Foundation; for he is to sink of Course when the Book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in Disrepute or Oblivion.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praiſe, yet ſtill with due Reſpect to praiſe,
A *Bard* triumphant in immortal Bays,
The *Learn'd* to ſhow, the *Senſible* commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the Province of the *Friend*,
What Life, what Vigour, muſt the Lines require?
What Muſick tune them? what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my Boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhouldſt not fail of Numbers worthy thine,
The brighteſt Anthems ought at once agree
To ſing within my Lays, and ſing of thee.

Horace himſelf wou'd own thou doſt excel
In candid Arts to play the Critick well.

Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame,
Whom *Windſor* Foreſt ſees a gliding Stream,
On ſilver Feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetick Ground.

How flame the Glories of *Belinda*'s Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the Envy of the Fair;
Leſs ſhone the Treſſes *Ægypt*'s Princeſs wore,
Which ſweet *Callimachus* ſo ſung before.
Here courtly Trifles ſet the World at odds,
Belles war with *Beaus*, and *Whims* deſcend for *Gods*,
The new *Machines* in Names of Ridicule,
Mock the grave Phrenzy of the *Chimick* Fool:
But know, ye Fair, a Point conceal'd with Art,
The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* are but a Woman's Heart:
The *Graces* ſtand in ſight; a *Satyr* Train
Peep o'er their Heads, and laugh behind the Scene.

In *Fame*'s fair *Temple*, o'er the boldeſt Wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred *Virgil* ſits,
And ſits in Meaſures, ſuch as *Virgil*'s Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate Reed with thee,
Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he,
While ſome old *Damon* o'er the Vulgar wiſe
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize

Rapt with the Thought my *Fancy* ſeeks the Plains,
And turns me Shepherd while I hear the Strains.
Indulgent Nurſe of ev'ry tender Gale,
Parent of Flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail!
Here in the cool my Limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy Poplars whiſper o'er my Head,
Still ſlide thy Waters ſoft among the Trees;
Thy Aſpins quiver in a breathing Breeze,
Smile all thy Vallies in eternal Spring,
Be huſh'd, ye Winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* ſing.

In *Engliſh* Lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy *Homer* warms with all his antient Heat,
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry Senſe of great Delight,
Long has that *Poet* reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant Throne;
In all the Majeſty of *Greek* retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty Name admir'd,
His Language failing, wrap'd him round with Night,
Thine rais'd by thee, recals the Work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that Ages long before
Fed the large Realms around with Golden Oar,
When choak'd by ſinking Banks, no more appear,
And Shepherds only ſay, *The Mines were here*:
Shou'd ſome rich Youth (if Nature warm his Heart,
And all his Projects ſtand inform'd with Art)

Here clear the Caves, there ope the leading Vein;
The Mines detected ſtame with Gold again.

How vaſt, how copious are thy new Deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſick varies in thy Lines!
Still as I read, I feel my Boſom beat,
And riſe in Raptures by another's Heat.
Thus in the Wood, when Summer dreſs'd the Days,
When *Windſor* lent us tuneful Hours of Eaſe,
Our Ears the Lark, the Thruſh, the Turtle bleſt,
And *Philomela* ſweeteſt o're the reſt:
The Shades reſound with Song —— O ſoftly tread!
While a whole Seaſon warbles round my Head.

This to my Friend —— and when a Friend inſpires
My ſilent Harp its Maſter's Hand requires,
Shakes off the Duſt, and makes theſe Rocks reſound,
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile Ground,
Far from the Joys that with my Soul agree,
From Wit, from Learning, —— far, oh far from thee!
Here Moſs-grown Trees expand the ſmalleſt Leaf;
Here half an Acre's Corn is half a Sheaf,
Here Hills with naked Heads the Tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their Side, and Torrents at their Feet,
Or lazy Lakes unconſcious of a Flood,
Whoſe dull brown *Naiads* ever ſleep in Mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and Learned Eafe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleafe,
Ev'n here I ſing, while *Pope* ſupplies the Theme,
Show my own Love, tho' not increaſe his Fame.

Part of the first Canto of the Rape of the Lock.

AND now unveil'd, the *Toilet* ſtands diſplay'd,
Each Silver Vaſe in myſtick order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores
With Head uncover'd, the *Coſmetick* Pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the Glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her Eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her Altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred Rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd Treaſures ope at once, and here
The various Off'rings of the World appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring Spoil.
This Casket *India*'s glowing Gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder Box.
The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.

Here

TRANSLATION *of part of the firſt Canto of the* Rape of the Lock, *into Leonine Verſe, after the manner of the ancient Monks.*

ET nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ;
m primum lymphâ ſe purgat candida Nympha;
mque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videndâ,
uda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
ic ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans,
ferior claram *Pythoniſſa* apparet ad aram,
rtque tibi cantè, dicatque Superbia! lautè,
ona venuſta, oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
xcerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat,
yxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic *India* tota,
tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat *Arabia* ciſtâ;
eſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Lesbia pectit;
tque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
unc maculis nôris, niveï jacet ille coloris.
ic jacet & mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
pinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
ulvis ſuavis odore, & epiſtola ſuavis amore.

Induit

Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms,
The fair each Moment rises in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens every Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face:
Sees by degrees a purer Blush arise,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care;
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown,
And *Betty*'s prais'd for Labours not her own.

duit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
uichrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
m reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia visûs,
m promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
gmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
ant *Lemures* muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
ic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
æc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
t tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidiſſima *Letty*!
loria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH, *an* ECLOGUE

NOW early Shepherds o'er the Meadow paſs,
And print long Foot-ſteps in the glittering Graſs;
The Cows neglectful of their Paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the Milker's Hand.

When *Damon* ſoftly trod the ſhaven Lawn,
Damon a Youth from City Cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing Walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd Arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the *Youth*, and while the feather'd Throng
Raiſe their wild Muſick, thus contrives a Song.

Here wafted o'er by mild *Eaſtan* Air,
Thou Country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health*! repair;
Here let my Breaſt thro' quiv'ring Trees inhale
Thy roſy Bleſſings with the Morning Gale.
What are the Fields, or Flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſtleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The Face of Nature cheers as well as I;

O

O'er the flat Green refreſhing Breezes run,
The ſmiling Dazies blow beneath the Sun,
The Brooks run purling down with ſilver Waves,
The planted Lanes rejoice with dancing Leaves,
The chirping Birds from all the Compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful Echoes of the Grove:
High ſunny Summits, deeply ſhaded Dales,
Thick Moſſy Banks, and flow'ry winding Vales,
With various Proſpect gratify the Sight,
And ſcatter fix'd Attention in Delight.

Come, Country *Goddeſs*, come, nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy Mountain-Siſter, *Exerciſe*.
Call'd by thy lively Voice, ſhe turns her Pace,
Her winding Horn proclaims the finiſh'd Chace;
She mounts the Rocks, ſhe skims the level Plain,
Dogs, Hawks and Horſes, crow'd her early Train;
Her hardy Face repels the tanning Wind,
And Lines and Meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as Means of Toil the Feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to Pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lye ſoftning 'till high Noon in Down
Or lolling fan her in the ſult'ry Town,
Unnerv'd with Reſt; and turn her own Diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious Eaſe:
I mount the Courſer, call the deep mouth'd Hounds,
The Fox unkennell'd flies to covert Grounds;

I lead where Stags thro' tangled Thickets tread,
And ſhake the Saplings with their branching Head;
I make the Faulcons wing their airy Way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their Prey;
To ſnare the Fiſh I fix the luring Bait,
To wound the Fowl I load the Gun with Fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of Exerciſe I range,
And Strength and Pleaſure riſe from ev'ry Change.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural Song,
And bring thy Daughter, calm *Content*, along,
Dame of the ruddy Cheek and laughing Eye,
From whoſe bright Preſence Clouds of Sorrow fly:
For her I mow my Walks, I platt my Bow'rs,
Clip my low Hedges, and ſupport my Flow'rs;
To welcome her, this Summer Seat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to Reſt;
When ſhe from Exerciſe to learned Eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the Change to pleaſe.

Now Friends converſing my ſoft Hours refine,
And *Tully*'s *Tuſculum* revives in mine:
Now to grave Books I bid the Mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather Good than Great.
Or o'er the Works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
Where Flutes and Innocence amuſe the Grove:

The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* Plains
Firſt ſung the lowly Manners of the Swains;
Or *Maro*'s Muſe, that in the faireſt Light
Paints rural Proſpects and the Charms of Sight;
Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of Sorrow, turns to *Song*.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

The FLIES. *An* ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the River Cows for Coolneſs ſtand,
And Sheep for Breezes ſeek the lofty Land,
A Youth whom *Æſop* taught that ev'ry Tree
Each Bird and Inſect ſpoke as well as he:
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhaded Way
Where flow'ring Hawthorn broke the ſunny Ray,
And thus inſtructs his Moral Pen to draw
A Scene that obvious in the Field he ſaw.

Near a low Ditch, where ſhallow Waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid Feet,
Whoſe *Naiads* never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with Hedges ſlumber out the Day,

There ſtands a ſlender Fern's aſpiring Shade,
Whoſe anſw'ring Branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſw'ring Boughs, and proudly riſe
Three Stories upward, in the nether Skies.

For Shelter here, to ſhun the Noon-day Heat,
An airy Nation of the *Flies* retreat;
Some in ſoft Air their ſilken Pinions ply,
And ſome from Bough to Bough delighted fly,
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing Murmur hums along the Plain.
So, when a Stage invites to pageant Shows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the *Beaus*,
In Boxes ſome with ſpruce Pretenſion ſit,
Some change from Seat to Seat within the Pit,
Some roam the Scenes, or turning ceaſe to roam,
Preluding Muſick fills the lofty Dome.

When thus a *Fly* (if what a *Fly* can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural Lay.

Where late *Aminter* made a Nymph a Bride,
Joyful I flew by young *Favonia*'s ſide,
Who, mindleſs of the Feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy Pleaſure of the Shepherd's Lip.
I ſaw the Wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in the Cup;
'Till bruſh'd by careleſs Hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, Beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender Love.

Thus

Thus ends the Youth, the buzzing Meadow rang,
And thus the Rival of his Muſick ſung.

When Suns by thouſands ſhone in Orbs of Dew,
I wafted ſoft with *Zephyretta* flew;
Saw the clean Pail, and ſought the milky Chear,
While little *Daphne* ſeiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the Dame,
Yet ſat indulging as the Danger came,
But the kind Huntreſs left her free to ſoar;
Ah! guard, ye *Lovers*, guard a Miſtreſs more.

Thus from the Fern, whoſe high-projecting Arms,
The fleeting Nation bent with dusky Swarms,
The *Swains* their Love in eaſy Muſick breathe,
When Tongues and Tumult ſtun the Field beneath.
Black *Ants* in Teams come darkning all the Road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the Load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant Pains
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle Grains.
The *Flies* ſtruck ſilent gaze with Wonder down:
The buſy *Burghers* reach their earthy Town;
Where lay the Burthens of a whitry Stone,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave *Sage* a Moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall City's loftieſt Point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt Dew that trickles down his Face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt Grace.

Ye foolish *Nurslings* of the Summer Air,
Theſe gentle Tunes and winning Songs forbear,
Your *Trees* and whiſp'ring *Breeze*, your *Grove* and *Lawn*,
Your Cupids *Quiver*, and his Mother's *Dove*,
Let Bards to Buſineſs bend their vig'rous Wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the Flourets of the Seaſon fail,
And this your Ferny Shade forſakes the Vale,
Tho' one would ſave ye, not one Grain of Wheat
Shou'd pay ſuch Songſters idling at my Gate.

He ceas'd: The *Flies*, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the *May'r's Speech*, and fell to ſing again.

AN ELEGY,

To an Old BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor Nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in Cream and Frontlets all the Night,
Your Face with Patches foil, with Paint repair,
Dress with gay Gowns, and shade with foreign Hair.
If Truth in spight of Manners must be told,
Why really *Fifty five* is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose Life's so long
She might have born my Mother, tells me wrong.
And once (since Envy's dead before you dye,)
The Women own, you play'd a sparkling Eye,
Taught the light Foot a nimble little Trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple Lip.——

To some new Charmer are the Roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy Cheek with red;
Youth calls the *Graces* there to fix their Reign,
And *Airs* by thousands fill their easy Train.

So parting Summer bids her flow'ry Prime
Attend the Sun to dreſs ſome foreign Clime,
While withering Seaſons in Succeſſion, here,
Strip the gay Gardens, and deform the Year.

But thou (ſince Nature bids) the World reſign,
'Tis now thy Daughter's Daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, (or ſuch as pleaſes more)
She runs her Female Exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the Fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the Creature Man.
With quicker Life, as guilded Coaches paſs,
In ſideling Courteſy ſhe drops the Glaſs.
With better Strength, on Viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty Flights of ample Stairs.
Her Mein, her Shape, her Temper, Eyes and Tongue,
Are ſure to conquer. —— for the Rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty *Fanny's* way.

Let Time that makes your homely, make you ſage.
The Sphere of Wiſdom is the Sphere of Age.
Tis true, when Beauty dawns with early Fire,
And hears the flatt'ring Tongues of ſoft Deſire,
If not from Virtue, from its graveſt Ways,
The Soul with pleaſing Avocation ſtrays.
But Beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As Harpers better, by the loſs of Eyes.

Hence

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving Airs,
Haunt less the Plays, and more the publick Pray'rs,
Reject the *Mechlin* Head, and gold Brocade,
Go pray, in sober *Norwich* Crape array'd.
Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
(Their trembling Lustre shows how much you shake;)
Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl.
So for the rest, with less Incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young;
And view the *Shade* and *Substance* as you pass
With joint Endeavour trifling at the Glass,
Or *Folly* dress't, and rambling all her Days,
To meet her Counterpart, and grow by *Praise*:
Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the Vain.

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare)
The wise *Athenian* croft a glittering Fair,
Unmov'd by Tongues and Sights, he walk'd the place,
Thro' Tape, Toys, Tinsel, Gimp, Perfume, and Lace;
Then bends from *Mars*'s Hill his awful Eyes,
And *What a World I never want!* he cries;
But cries unheard: For *Folly* will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy Crowd, and He:
As careless he for them, as they for him,
He wrapt in *Wisdom*, and they whirl'd by *Whim*.

The

The BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy, we'll hunt to Day
The *Book-Worm*, ravening Beast of Prey,
Produc'd by Parent *Earth*, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the *Gods*.
Him frantick Hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand Authors Lives:
Thro' all the Fields of Wit he flies;
Dreadful his Head with cluſt'ring Eyes,
With Horns without, and Tusks within,
And Scales to ſerve him for a Skin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the Bards of antient Time,
Or down the Vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern Wretch below:
On ev'ry Corner fix thine Eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.

See where his Teeth a Paſſage eat:
We'll rouſe him from the deep Retreat.

But

But who the Shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis Sacred *Virgil* as I live!
From Leaf to Leaf, from Song to Song,
He draws the tadpole Form along.
He mounts the gilded Edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the Cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.

Inſatiate *Brute*, whoſe Teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt Servants of the *Muſe*.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the Fact to fly.)
His *Roſes* nipt in ev'ry Page,
My poor *Anacreon* mourns thy Rage.
By thee my *Ovid* wounded lies,
By thee my *Lesbia*'s *Sparrow* dies:
Thy rabid Teeth have half deſtroy'd
The Work of Love in *Biddy Floyd*,
They rent *Belinda*'s Locks away,
And ſpoil'd the *Blouzelind* of *Gay*.
For all, for ev'ry ſingle Deed,
Relentleſs *Juſtice* bids thee bleed.
Then fall a *Victim* to the *Nine*,
My ſelf the *Prieſt*, my Desk the *Shrine*.

Bring *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo* near,
To pile a ſacred Altar here;

Hold,

Hold, Boy, thy Hand out-runs thy Wit,
You reach'd the Plays that D——s writ;
You reach'd me Ph——s ruffick Strain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the Victim, —— there he lies,
And here between his num'rous Eyes
This venerable Duſt I lay,
From *Manuſcripts* juſt ſwept away.

The Goblet in my Hand I take,
For the Libation's yet to make:
A Health to Poets! all their Days
May they have Bread, as well as Praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In Papers fill'd with Party-Rage.
But if their Riches ſpoil their Vein
Ye *Muſes*, make them pour again.

Now bring the Weapon, yonder Blade,
With which my tuneful Pens are made.
I ſtrike the Scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the Wound;
The ſacred Altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the Son of *Jove* I ſtand,
This *Hydra* ſtretch'd beneath my Hand!

Lay bare the Monſter's Entrails here,
To ſee what Dangers threat the Year:
Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a Wench!
What lean Tranſlations out of *French*!
'Tis plain, this Lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints, before the Months go round.

But hold, before I cloſe the Scene,
The ſacred Altar ſhou'd be clean.
Oh had I *Sh——ll*'s Second Bays,
Or *T——*'s thy pert and humble Lays?
(Ye Pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your Works till now)
I'd tear the Leaves to wipe the Shrine,
(That only way you pleaſe the *Nine*)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the Songs of *D——y* do.

Rent from the Corps, on yonder Pin,
I hang the Scales that brac't it in;
I hang my ſtudious Morning Gown,
And write my own *Inſcription* down.

" This *Trophy* from the *Python* won,
" This *Robe*, in which the Deed was done,
" Theſe, *Parnell* glorying in the Feat,
" Hung on theſe Shelves, the *Muſes* Seat.
" Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* found
" Large Realms of Wit to ravage round;

" Here

" Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* fell,
" Two Foes in one I sent to Hell.
" Ye *Poets*, who my Labours see,
" Come share the Triumph all with me!
" Ye *Criticks*! born to vex the *Muse*,
" Go mourn the *grand Ally* you lose.

An ALLEGORY on MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
Our Race of Mortals call him *Care*:
(Were *Homer* living, well he knew
What Name the Gods have call'd him too)
With fine Mechanick Genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being, by a Model bred
In *Jove*'s eternal sable Head,
Contriv'd a Shape impow'rd to breathe,
And be the *Worldling* here beneath.

The *Man* rose staring, like a Stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!

Then

Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The Bus'ness he was made to do;
That pleas'd to see with what a Grace
He gravely shew'd his forward Face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An *Under-something* of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty *Nod*,
Which ever binds a *Poet's God*;
(For which his Curls Ambrosial shake,
And Mother *Earth's* oblig'd to quake:)
He saw old Mother *Earth* arise,
She stood confess'd before his Eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A Castle for a Crown before,
Nor with long Streets and longer Roads
Dangling behind her, like Commodes:
As yet with Wreaths alone she dress't,
And trail'd a Landskip-painted Vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, (as *Ovid* said)
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty Head.

Her Honours made, Great *Jove*, she cry'd,
This *Thing* was fashion'd from my Side;
His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay

Nay rather ask, the *Monarch* said,
What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy Part's an idle Shape of Clay.

Halves, more than Halves! cry'd honest *Care*,
Your Pleas wou'd make your Titles fair,
You claim the Body, you the Soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods Debate began,
On such a trivial Cause, as *Man*.
And can Celestial Tempers rage?
(Quoth *Virgil* in a later Age.)

As thus they wrangled, *Time* came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the Fabling *Antients* sung
Makes *Saturn* old, when *Time* was young.)
As yet his Winters had not shed
Their silver Honours on his Head,
He just had got his Pinions free
From his old Sire *Eternity*.
A Serpent girdled round he wore,
The Tail within the Mouth before;
By which our *Almanacks* are clear
That learned *Ægypt* meant the Year.

A Staff

A Staff he carry'd, where on high
A Glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As Amber Boxes made a Show
For Heads of Canes an Age ago.
His Veſt, for Day, and Night, was py'd;
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side;
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn;
The other Seaſons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him *Umpire* of the Cauſe.
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,
(Where ſince his *Hours* a *Dial* made;)
Then leaning heard the nice Debate,
And thus pronounc'd the Words of *Fate*.

Since *Body* from the Parent *Earth*,
And *Soul* from *Jove* receiv'd a Birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their *Union* makes the *Man*,
'Till *Jove* and *Earth* ſhall part theſe two,
To *Care* who join'd them, *Man* is due.

He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift Career
To trace a Circle for the Year;
Where ever ſince the *Seaſons* wheel,
And tread on one another's Heel.

'Tis well, said *Jove*, and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the Firmament.
Our Umpire *Time* shall have his Way.
With *Care* I let the Creature stay:
Let Bus'ness vex him, Av'rice blind,
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,
Let Error act, Opinion speak,
And Want afflict, and Sickness break,
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill.
'Till arm'd by *Care* and taught to Mow,
Time draws the long destructive Blow;
And wasted *Man*, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his Day,
Shall only find, by this Decree,
The *Soul* flies sooner back to *Me*.

An Imitation of ſome French *Verſes.*

RElentleſs *Time!* deſtroying Pow'r
Whom Stone and Braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to ev'ry flying Hour
To work ſome new Decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret Saps prevail,
And ruin Man, a nice Machine
By Nature form'd to fail.
My Change arrives; the Change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My *Spring*, my Years of Pleaſure fleet,
And all their Beauties dye.
In *Age* I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful Gain,
Grave *Wiſdom* ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of Pain.
My Ignorance cou'd once beguile,
And fancy'd Joys inſpire;
My Errors cheriſh'd *Hope* to ſmile
On newly-born *Deſire*.

But now Experience ſhews, the Bliſs
For which I fondly ſought,
Not worth the long impatient Wiſh,
And Ardour of the Thought.
My Youth met *Fortune* fair array'd,
(In all her Pomp ſhe ſhone)
And might, perhaps, have well eſſay'd
To make her Gifts my own:
But when I ſaw the Bleſſings ſhow'r
On ſome unworthy Mind,
I left the Chace, and own'd the Pow'r
Was juſtly painted blind.
I paſs'd the Glories which adorn
The ſplendid Courts of Kings,
And while the Perſons mov'd my Scorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the Things.
My Manhood felt a vig'rous Fire
By Love encreas'd the more;
But Years with coming Years conſpire
To break the Chains I wore.
In Weakneſs ſafe, the *Sex* I ſee
With idle Luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their Joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?
But hold——— I feel my *Gout* decreaſe,
My Troubles laid to reſt,
And Truths which wou'd diſturb my Peace,
Are painful Truths at beſt.

Vainly the Time I have to roll
In ſad Reflection flies;
Ye fondling Paſſions of my Soul!
Ye ſweet Deceits! ariſe,
I wiſely change the Scene within,
To Things that us'd to pleaſe:
In *Pain*, *Philoſophy* is *Spleen*,
In *Health*, 'tis only *Eaſe*.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue Tapers trembling Light,
No more I waſte the wakeful Night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er:
Their Books from Wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt Way.
I'll ſeek a readier Path, and go
Where Wiſdom's ſurely taught *below*.

How deep yon Azure dies the Sky!
Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their Ranks in ſilver pride
The nether Creſcent ſeems to glide.

The

The ſlumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
The Lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangle Snow
Deſcends to meet our Eyes below.
The Grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the View retire:
The Left preſents a Place of Graves,
Whoſe Wall the ſilent Water laves.
That Steeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of Night.
There paſs with melancholy State,
By all the ſolemn Heaps of Fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable Dead,
Time was, like thee they Life poſſeſt,
And Time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt Reſt.

Thoſe Graves, with bending Oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glancing Thought diſcloſe
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chiſſels ſlender help to Fame,
(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away.)
A *middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The

The Marble Tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe Dead in vaulted Arches lye,
Whoſe Pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
These (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praiſe the *Great*;
Who live on Earth in Fame they live,
Are ſenſleſs of the Fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting Earth unveils the Shades!
All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with Shrouds,
They riſe in viſionary Crouds,
And all with ſober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to dye.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel Houſe with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye Ravens, ceaſe your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time reſound
O'er the long Lake and midnight Ground)
It ſends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the Bones.

When Men my Scythe and Darts ſupply,
How great a *King* of *Fears* am I!
They view me like the laſt of Things:
They make, and then they dread, my Stings.

Fools! if you leſs provok'd your Fears,
No more my Spectre-Form appears.
Death's but a Path that muſt be trod,
If Man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A Port of Calms, a State of Eaſe
From the rough Rage of ſwelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing ſable Stoles,
Deep pendent Cypreſs, mourning Poles,
Looſe Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
Long Palls, drawn Herſes, cover'd Steeds,
And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
Nor wants the Soul, theſe Forms of Woe:
As Men who long in Priſon dwell,
With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
When e'er their ſuffering Years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun:
Such Joy, tho' far tranſcending Senſe,
Have pious Souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the Body plac't,
A few, and evil Years, they waſte:
But when their Chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad Wing and tow'r away,
And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

HYMN

TO

CONTENTMENT.

LOvely, lasting Peace of Mind!
Sweet Delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
With more of Happiness below,
Than Victors in a Triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented Head?
What happy Region dost thou please
To make the Seat of Calms and Ease?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy Presence in its Gold enshrin'd.

The bold Advent'rer ploughs his ways,
Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
To gain thy Love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
The silent Heart which Grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the Vales,
Sees Daisies open, Rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing Thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the Nurse of Woe.
No real Happiness is found
In trailing Purple o'er the Ground:
Or in a Soul exalted high,
To range the Circuit of the Sky,
Converse with Stars above, and know
All Nature in its Forms below;
The Rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And Doubts at last for Knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear!
This World it self, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
And Man contains it in his Breast.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I stood,
I sung my Wishes to the Wood,
And lost in Thought, no more perceiv'd
The Branches whisper as they wav'd:

It

It seem'd, as all the quiet Place
Confess'd the Presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke —— Go rule thy Will,
Bid thy wild Passions all be still,
Know God —— and bring thy Heart to know,
The Joys which from Religion flow:
Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its Guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder Mossy Seat,
In my Hours of sweet Retreat;
Might I thus my Soul employ,
With sense of Gratitude and Joy:
Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
In heavenly Vision, Praise, and Prayer;
Pleasing all Men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight;
While silver Waters glide along,
To please my Ear, and court my Song:
I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
And thee, great *Source* of *Nature*, sing.

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day;
The Moon that shines with borrow'd Light;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night;

The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves;
The Wood that spreads its shady Leaves,
The Field whose Ears conceal the Grain,
The yellow Treasure of the Plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the Tongue of Man.

Go search among your idle Dreams,
Your *busie*, or your *vain* Extreams,
And find a Life of equal Bliss,
Or own the *Next* begun in *This*.

The HERMIT.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to publick View,
From Youth to Age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the chrystal Well:
Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the Days,
Pray'r all his Bus'ness, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,
Seem'd Heav'n it self, till one Suggestion rose;
That Vice shou'd triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway:
His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
And all the Tenour of his Soul is lost:
So when a smooth Expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's Image on its watry Breast,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow:
But if a Stone the gentle Scene divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books, or Swains, report it right;
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wasted in the pathless Grass,
And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass;
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way;
His Rayment decent, his Complexion fair,
And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father Hail! he cry'd,
And Hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words followed Words, from Question Answer flow'd,
And Talk of various kind deceiv'd the Road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, joyn in Heart:
Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.

Now sunk the Sun; the closing Hour of Day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;

Nature in ſilence bid the World repoſe:
When near the Road a ſtately Palace roſe:
There by the Moon thro' Ranks of Trees they paſs,
Whoſe Verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of Graſs.
It chanc't the noble Maſter of the Dome,
Still made his Houſe the wand'ring Stranger's home;
Yet ſtill the Kindneſs, from a Thirſt of Praiſe,
Prov'd the vain Flouriſh of expenſive Eaſe.
The Pair arrive: the Liv'ry'd Servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate.
The Table groans with coſtly Piles of Food,
And all is more than Hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day,
Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Freſh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring Wood to baniſh Sleep.
Up riſe the Gueſts, obedient to the Call,
An early Banquet deck'd the ſplendid Hall;
Rich luſcious Wine a golden Goblet grac't,
Which the kind Maſter forc'd the Gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go,
And, but the Landlord, none had cauſe of Woe;
His *Cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret Guiſe
The younger Gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring Prize.

As one who ſpys a Serpent in his Way,
Gliſt'ning and basking in the Summer Ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintneſs on, and looks with Fear:
So ſeem'd the Sire, when far upon the Road,
The ſhining Spoil his wiley Partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous Actions meet a baſe Reward.

While thus they paſs, the Sun his Glory ſhrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their ſable Clouds,
A Sound in Air preſag'd approaching Rain,
And Beaſts to covert ſcud a-croſs the Plain.
Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To ſeek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
'Twas built with Turrets, on a riſing Ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its Owner's Temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Deſert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy Doors they drew,
Fierce riſing Guſts with ſudden Fury blew;
The nimble Lightnings mix'd with Show'rs began,
And o'er their Heads loud rolling Thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the Wind, and battered by the Rain.

At

At length ſome Pity warm'd the Maſter's Breaſt,
('Twas then, his Threſhold firſt receiv'd a Gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring Pair;
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls:
Bread of the courſeſt ſort, with eager Wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the Tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With ſtill Remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one ſo rich, a Life ſo poor and rude,
And why ſhou'd ſuch, (within himſelf he cry'd,)
Lock the loſt Wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new Marks of Wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling Feature of his Face!
When from his Veſt the young Companion bore
That *Cup*, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious Bowl
The ſtinted Kindneſs of this churliſh Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumult fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky,
A freſher green the ſmelling Leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day;
The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
And the glad Maſter bolts the wary Gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Bosom wrought
With all the Travel of uncertain Thought;
His Partner's Acts without their Cause appear,
'Twas there a Vice, and seem'd a Madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky,
Again the Wand'rers want a Place to lye,
Again they search, and find a Lodging nigh.
The Soil improv'd around, the Manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its Maſter's turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praiſe, but Virtue kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then bleſs the Manſion, and the Maſter greet:
Their greeting fair beſtow'd, with modeſt Guiſe,
The courteous Maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, from Him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly Cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome Table ſpread,
Then talk'd of Virtue till the time of Bed,
When the grave Houſhold round his Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and cloſe the Hours with Pray'r.

At

At length the World renew'd by calm Repoſe
Was ſtrong for Toil, the dappled Morn aroſe,
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant ſlept,
And writh'd his Neck to the Landlord's little Pride,
O ſtrange Return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horrour of Horrours! what! his only Son!
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done?
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more aſſault his Heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth purſues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant ſhow'd the Way:
A River croſs'd the Path, the Paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the Servant trod before;
Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his Head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the Dead.

Wild, ſparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,
He burſts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted Wretch——— But ſcarce his Speech began,
When the ſtrange Partner ſeem'd no longer Man.

His youthful Face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet;
Fair rounds of radiant Points inveſt his Hair;
Celeſtial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air;
And Wings, whoſe Colours glitter'd on the Day,
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes diſplay.
The Form Etherial burſts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majeſty of Light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's Paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret Chains his Words ſuſpends,
And in a Calm his ſettling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Muſick raviſh'd as he ſpoke)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praiſe, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In ſweet Memorial riſe before the Throne:
Theſe Charms, Succeſs in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy Mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the Sky.
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——— Thy fellow Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government Divine,
And let theſe Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid;

Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
On using second Means to work his Ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uses, not controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more Surprize,
Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring Eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty Just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The *Great*, *Vain Man*, who far'd on costly Food,
Whose Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,
And forc'd his Guests to morning Draughts of Wine,
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless Custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted Door,
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artists melt the sullen Ore of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And loose from Dross, the Silver runs below.

Long

Long had our *pious Friend* in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God;
(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And meaſur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Exceſſes had his Dotage run?
But God, to ſave the Father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in Fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my Miniſtry to deal the Blow)
The poor fond Parent humbled in the Duſt,
Now owns in Tears the Puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that falſe *Servant* ſped in Safety back?
This Night his treaſur'd Heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!

Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy Mind: This Tryal o'er,
Depart in Peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding Pinnions here the Youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when to mount on high,
His Maſter took the Chariot of the Sky;
The fiery Pomp aſcending left the View;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy Will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his antient Place,
And paſs'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

FINIS.

VISIONS,

Publish'd in the

SPECTATORS, &c.

By the same Hand.

VISION I.

VISION I.

SPECTATOR. N°. 460.

Decipimur Specie Recti——— Hor.

OUR Defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easie in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we our selves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is something so amusing for the Time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiser World has chosen an exalted Word to describe its Enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools.*

Perhaps

Perhaps the latter Part of this Reflection may ſeem a falſe Thought to ſome, and bear another Turn than what I have given; but it is at preſent none of my Buſineſs to look after it, who am going to confeſs that I have been lately amongſt them in a Viſion.

Methought I was tranſported to a Hill, green, flowery, and of an eaſy Aſcent. Upon the broad Top of it reſided ſquint-eyed *Errour*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themſelves. To theſe repaired a Multitude from every Side, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the moſt aſſuming Air went directly of themſelves to *Errour*, without expecting a Conductor; others of a ſofter Nature went firſt to popular *Opinion*, from whence as ſhe influenced and engaged them with their own Praiſes, ſhe delivered them over to his Government.

When we had aſcended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining ſeveral who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleaſing; ſhe breathed Odours as ſhe ſpoke: She ſeemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of ſomething that was valuable in himſelf, and expected a Paradiſe which ſhe promiſed as the Reward of his Merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, 'till ſhe ſhould bring us where it was to be beſtowed: And it was obſervable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praiſing themſelves in their Qualifications, or one another for thoſe Qualifications which they took to be conſpicuous in their own Characters, or diſpraiſing others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At laſt we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Errour* was ſeated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he ſat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was diſguiſed in a whitiſh Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Reſemblance to *Truth*: And as ſhe has a Light whereby ſhe manifeſts the

Beauties

Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, ſo he had provided himſelf with a magical Wand, that he might do ſomething in Imitation of it, and pleaſe with Deluſions. This he lifted ſolemnly, and muttering to himſelf, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we caſt our Eyes on that Part of the Sky to which he pointed, and obſerved a thin blue Proſpect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Mists go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The Foundation hardly ſeemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it ſtood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we aſcended was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senſes. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the loweſt Set of Pillars were of the ſlight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore ſo far the Reſemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travelers neither met with a Porter nor waited 'till one ſhould appear, every one thought his Merits a ſufficient Paſsport, and preſſed forward. In the Hall we met with ſeveral Phantoms, that roy'd amongſt us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreaſing *Honour*, that had nothing to ſhew in but an old Coat of his Anceſtors Atchievements: There was *Oſtentation*, that made himſelf his own conſtant Subject, and *Gallantry* ſtrutting upon his Tip-toes. At the upper End of the Hall ſtood a Throne, whoſe Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gayety could contrive to laviſh on it; and between the guilded Arms ſat *Vanity* deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who ſtood beſide her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Caſt inwards, to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made uſe of for Conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a Deſign. The Arrow which he ſhot at the Soldier, was fledg'd from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed againſt the Man of Wit, was wing'd

wing'd with the Quills he writ with, and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treaſures: He made Nets for Statesmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to enflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne ſat three falſe Graces, *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practiſe at, and *Faſhion* ever changing the Poſture of her Cloaths. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the Conqueſts which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Polities. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complexions to all Things, *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar, and *Faſhion* both concealed ſome home Defects, and added ſome foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Error*, fir'd by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courſes of *Vanity*, 'till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. Theſe Expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general Diſorder, 'till at laſt there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man decent and reſolute, was led forward to be puniſhed for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclin'd to have ſpoken in his own Defence, but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* caſt a ſcornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a *Vizard*, and turned away; *Affectation* toſſed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Faſhion* would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be *Ill-Manners*. Thus ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I had

I had already ſeen the meaning of moſt part of that Warning which he had given, and was conſidering how the latter Words ſhould be fulfilled, when a mighty Noiſe was heard without, and the Door was blackned by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were ſeen in the Houſe before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and *Poverty* brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Error*, diſappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who ſtood near me) either to Priſons or Cellars. Among the little Company, the mean Arts or the viler Crafts of Life. But theſe, added he with a diſdainful Air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Luſtre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have ſeen ſuch Scenes as theſe before now; the Glory you ſaw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thank'd him for his Information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay 'till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook ſome few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now terrified to good Purpoſe by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Threſhold, it was a ſtrange Shock to them to find that the Deluſion of *Errour* was gone, and they plainly diſcerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate Leap remained for us, and I a thouſand times blamed my unmeaning Curioſity that had brought me into ſo much Danger. But as they began to ſink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace ſunk along with us, 'till they were arrived at the due Point of *Eſteem* which they ought to have for themſelves; then the Part of the Building in which they ſtood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who ſtayed in the Palace were ſenſible of this Deſcent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occaſion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Conſequences of following the Suggeſtions of *Vanity*.

VISION

VISION II.

SPECTATOR. N°. 501.

HOW are we tortured with the Abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What Excurſions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! and how does it turn into it ſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the Diſappointment! Our Grief, inſtead of having Recourſe to Reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further Nouriſhment. It calls upon Memory to relate the ſeveral Paſſages and Circumſtances of Satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the Pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence, that the Paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a Size as to burſt the Heat which contains it, if time did not make theſe Circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that Reaſon ſhould become a more equal Match for the Paſſion, or if another Deſire which becomes more preſent did not over-

overpower them with a livelier Repreſentation. Theſe are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Viſion upon this Subject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my ſelf upon a naked Shore, with Company whoſe afflicted Countenances witneſſed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, ſilent, and called the River of *Tears*, which iſſuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompaſſed an Iſland that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the Impatience and Haſte of ſingle Paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our Places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and compoſed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for *Patience*, and ſome of thoſe too, who 'till then cry'd the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and return'd back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe Good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake Perſons in Trouble) deſired Leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall Comfort or Advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked but the Boat was puſhed off, the Sheet was ſpread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a Paſſage to the farther Bank thro' ſeveral Difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeem'd utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the Iſland to be ſtrangely over-caſt with Fogs, which no Brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy Horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy Tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom *Patience* had by this time gain'd over, left us here, and privily convey'd themſelves round the Verge of the Iſland to find a Ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my Part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining ourſelves

to others whom we found upon the ſame Journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a Funeral, thro' bordering Hedges of Roſemary, and thro' a Grove of Yew-Trees, which love to over-ſhadow Tombs and flowriſh in Church-Yards. Here we heard on every Side the Wailings and Complaints of ſeveral of the Inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanc'd to approach one of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breaſts, tearing their Hair, or after ſome other Manner viſibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightned by the Influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our Number was wrought up to ſuch a Pitch of Wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a Bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the Path we travelled in; but he was reſtrain'd from it by the kind Endeavours of our abovementioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt dusky ſilent Part of the Iſland, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the Branches, the Thickneſs of Air which occaſioned faintiſh Reſpiration, and the violent Throbbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approach'd the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, ſunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. Theſe crept ſlow, and half congealed amongſt its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans that rolled thro' all the Paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the *doleful Being* her ſelf; the Path to her was ſtrewed with Goads, Stings, and Thorns; and the Throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a Rock with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Miſt hung above her, her Head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate Subjects, full of her ſelf to Stupidity, in eternal Penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt Silence. On one Side of her ſtood *Dejection* juſt dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleneſs* waſting to a Skeleton; on the other ſide were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguiſh* ſuffering outward *Troubles* to ſuck the Blood from her Heart in the Shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had

a genuine Dismalness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose blueish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the Way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either Hand of the Presence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the Back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath, and lifting our Eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen Sort of Satisfaction, in observing thro' the Shades what Numbers had entred the Island. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own Concern, to have Respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn Estate. It had also the Ground-work of Humanity and Compassion in it, though the Mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad Occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and so by Degrees became tolerable Company.

A considerable Part of the troublesome Road was thus deceived, at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air seemed thinner, it lay with less Oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern Tracts in it of a lighter Greyness, like Breakings of Day, short in Duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amusement*. Within a short while these Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer Continuance; the *Sighs* that hither-

to filled the Air with ſo much Doleſulneſs, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Iſland were abated.

When we had arrived at laſt at the Ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the Shore to find the Place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the World only at that time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters, that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier Matter for us to wade over.

The River being croſſed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any Particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a Caſe of ſo much Affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing ſerene at her Praiſes, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* ſmiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that Side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

VISION III.

GUARDIAN N°. 56.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput? pecudum ſi more pererrant. Claud.

I Was conſidering laſt Night, when I could not ſleep, how noble a Part of the Creation Man was deſign'd to be, and how diſtinguiſhed in all his Actions above other Earthly Creatures. From whence I fell to take a View of the Change and Corruption which he has introduced into his own Condition, the groveling Appetites, the mean Characters of Senſe, and wild Courſes of Paſſions, that caſt him from the Degree in which Providence had placed him, the debaſing himſelf with Qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower Sphere of Action. This inſpired me with a mixture of Contempt and Anger; which however, was not ſo violent as to hinder the Return of Sleep, but grew confuſed as that came upon me, and made me end my Reflections with giving Mankind the opprobrious Names of Inconſiderate, Mad and Fooliſh.

Here methought, where my waking Reaſon left the Subject, my Fancy purſued it in a Dream; and I imagined my ſelf in a loud Soliloquy of Paſſion, railing at my Species, and walking hard to get rid of the Company I deſpiſed; when two Men who had over-heard me made up on either Hand. Theſe I obſerved had many Features in common, which might occaſion the Miſtake of the one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle, but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that tho' there was an Air of Severity in each, it was tempered with a natural Sweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the Deſigns of Malice in the other.

I was at a Loſs to know the Reaſon of their joining me ſo briskly, when he whoſe Appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his Companion. Pray, Brother, let him alone, and we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into a Tyger. This ſtruck me with Horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my Diſorder, bid me be of good Courage, for tho' I had been Savage in my Treatment of Mankind, (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt) he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my Danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my Reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry Brother fling away from us in a Paſſion for his Diſappointment. Being now left to my Friend, I went back with him at his Deſire, that I might know the Meaning of thoſe Words which ſo affrighted me.

As we went along, To inform you, ſays he, with whom you have this Adventure, my Name is *Reproof* and his *Reproach*, both born of the ſame Mother, but of different Fathers. *Truth* is our common Parent. *Friendſhip*, who ſaw her, fell in Love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after *Enmity* lying in Ambuſh for her, became the Father of him whom you ſaw along with me. The Temper of our Mother enclines us to the ſame Sort of Buſineſs, the informing Mankind of their Faults; but the differing Complexions of our Fathers make us differ in our Deſigns and Company. I have a natural

tural Benevolence in my Mind which engages me with Friends, and he a natural Impetuosity in his, which casts him among Enemies.

As he thus discourſed we came to a Place where there were three Entrances into as many ſeveral Walks, which lay beſide one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain, ſtrait, regular Walk, ſet with Trees, which added to the Beauty of the Place, but did not ſo cloſe their Boughs over head as to exclude the Light from it. Here as we walked I was made to obſerve, how the Road on one Hand was full of Rocks and Precipices, over which *Reproach* (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy Wretches; the other Side was all laid out in Gardens of gaudy Tulips, amongſt whoſe Leaves the Serpents wreath'd, and at the End of every graſſy Walk the Enchantreſs *Flattery* was weaving Bowers to lull Souls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle way, 'till we arrived in a Building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by *Truth* for a Watch Tower, from whence ſhe took a View of the Earth, and, as ſhe ſaw Occaſion, ſent out *Reproof*, or even *Reproach*, for our Reformation. Over the Door I took Notice that a Face was carved with a Heart upon the Lips of it, and preſently call'd to Mind that this was the Antients Emblem of *Sincerity*. In the Entrance I met with *Freedom of Speech* and *Complaiſance*, who had for a long time looked upon one another as Enemies; but *Reproof* has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as Friends and Fellow-Agents in the ſame Family. Before I aſcended up the Stairs, I had my Eyes purified by a Water which made me ſee extremely clear, and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a Pit, from whence (as *Democritus* had reported) they formerly brought up *Truth*, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper Chamber of Proſpect, which was called *the Knowledge of Mankind*; here the Window was no ſooner opened but I perceived the Clouds to roll off and part before me, and a Scene of all the Variety of the World preſented it ſelf.

But how different was Mankind in this View, from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very Shape of moſt of

them was loſt; ſome had the Heads of Dogs, others of Apes or Parrots, and in ſhort, where-ever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy Qualities of other Creatures, the Change of his Soul became viſible in his Countenance. The ſtrutting Pride of him who is endued with Brutality inſtead of Courage, made his Face ſhoot out in the Form of a *Horſe's*; his Eyes became prominent, his Noſtrils widened, and his Wig untying flowed down on one Side of his Neck in a waving Mane. The Talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the ill Nature of Converſation made them turn into *Aſſemblies* of *Geeſe*, their Lips hardened into Bills by eternal uſing, they gabbled for Diverſion, they hiſs'd in Scandal, and their Ruffles falling back on their Arms, a Succeſſion of little Feathers appeared, which formed Wings for them to flutter with from one Viſit to another. The Envious and Malicious lay on the Ground with the Heads of different Sorts of Serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating Miſchief to others, they ſuck'd the Poiſon of the Earth, ſharpened their Tongues to Stings upon the Stones, and rolled their Trains unperceivably beneath their Habits. The Hypocritical Oppreſſors wore the Faces of Crocodiles, their Mouths were Inſtruments of Cruelty, their Eyes of Deceit; they committed Wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the World; they devoured the Unwary, and wept over the Remains of them. The Covetous had ſo hook'd and worn their Fingers by counting Intereſt upon Intereſt, that they converted to the Claws of Harpies, and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſeem'd unſatisfied with their Acquiſitions. The Sharpers had the Looks of Camelions; they every Minute changed their Appearance, and fed on Swarms of Flies which fell as ſo many Cullies amongſt them. The Bully ſeem'd a Dunghil Cock, he creſted well, and bore his Comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for Triumph; and only the mean Coward prick'd up the Ears of a Hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into Cats, whoſe Pleaſure and Grumbling go together. Fops were Apes in embroider'd Jackets. Flatterers were curl'd Spaniels, fawning and crouching. The Crafty had the Face of a Fox, the Slothful of an Aſs, the Cruel of a Wolf, the Ill-bred of a Bear,

Bear, the Leachers were Goats, and the Gluttons Swine. Drunkenneſs was the only Vice that did not change the Face of its Profeſſors into that of another Creature; but this I took to be far from a Privilege, for theſe two Reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of it ſelf, and becauſe none of the lower Ranks of Beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an Intemperance.

As I was taking a View of theſe Repreſentations of things, without any more Order than is uſual in a Dream, or in the Confuſion of the World it ſelf, I perceived a Concern within me for what I ſaw; my Eyes began to moiſten, and as if the Virtue of that Water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by their being touched with that which aroſe from a Paſſion, the Clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either hand upon the Proſpect. I then turned towards my Guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this manner: You have ſeen the Condition of Mankind when it deſcends from its Dignity; now therefore guard your ſelf from that Degeneracy by a modeſt Greatneſs of Spirit on one ſide, and a conſcious Shame on the other. Endeavour alſo with a Generoſity of Goodneſs to make your Friends aware of it; let them know what Defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the Matter as you ſee Reaſon, either with the Airs of ſevere or humorous Affection; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the Degeneracy in its full proper Colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to ſuch a Day or ſo many Months to turn Bears, Wolves, or Foxes, *&c.* Neither neglect your more remote Acquaintance, where you ſee any worthy and ſuſceptible of Admonition; expoſe the Beaſts whoſe Qualities you ſee them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their Perſons. The Poſſibility of their applying this is very obvious: The *Egyptians* ſaw it ſo clearly, that they made the Pictures of Animals explain their Minds to one another inſtead of Writing; and indeed it is hardly to be miſſed, ſince *Æſop* took them out of their mute Condition, and taught them to ſpeak for themſelves with relation to the Actions of Mankind.

VISION IV.

GUARDIAN N°. 66.

THERE is a Sett of Mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natur'd Office of gathering up a Collection of Stories that leſſen the Reputation of others, and ſpreading them abroad with a certain Air of Satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent and unmeaning Curioſity, a Deſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a Willingneſs to profit by Reflection upon the Actions of others, may ſometimes afford an Excuſe, or ſometimes a Defence, for Inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is beyond all Excuſe, a Tranſgreſſion againſt Humanity, to carry the Matter further, to tear off the Dreſſings, as I may ſay, from the Wounds of a Friend, and expoſe them to the Air in cruel Fits of Diverſion; and yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an Outrage of an higher Nature, which Mankind is guilty of when they are not content to ſpread the Stories of Folly, Frailty and Vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken Characters that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From ſuch Practices as theſe it happens,

that

that ſome feel a Sorrow, and others are agitated with a Spirit of Revenge; that Scandals or Lies are told, becauſe another has told ſuch before; that Reſentments and Quarrels ariſe, and Injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a Scene of Vengeance.

All this I have often obſerved with abundance of Concern; and having a perfect Deſire to further the Happineſs of Mankind, I lately ſet my ſelf to conſider the Cauſes from whence ſuch Evils ariſe, and the Remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut my Eyes to prevent Diſtraction from outward Objects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an Impulſe of Thought, into the *World of Ideas*, where abſtracted Qualities became viſible in ſuch Appearances as were agreeable to each of their Natures.

That part of the Country, where I happened to light, was the moſt noiſy that I had ever known. The Winds whiſtled, the Leaves ruſtled, the Brooks rumbled, the Birds chatter'd, the Tongues of Men were heard, and the Echo mingled ſomething of every Sound in its Repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange Confuſion and Uproar of Sounds about me. At length, as the Noiſe ſtill encreaſed, I could diſcern a Man habited like a Herald (and as I afterwards underſtood) called *Novelty*, that came forward proclaiming a ſolemn Day to be kept at the Houſe of *Common Fame*. Immediately behind him advanced three Nymphs, who had monſtrous Appearances. The firſt of theſe was *Curioſity*, habited like a Virgin, and having an hundred Ears upon her Head to ſerve in her Enquiries. The Second of theſe was *Talkativeneſs*, a little better grown, ſhe ſeemed to be like a young Wife, and had an hundred Tongues to ſpread her Stories. The Third was *Cenſoriouſneſs*, habited like a Widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred ſquinting Eyes of a malignant Influence, which ſo obliquely darted on all around, that it was impoſſible to ſay which of them had brought in the Informations ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing *Common Fame*, when upon her Birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a Crowd, to eſcape the Search which *Truth* might have made after her

and

and her Parents. *Curiosity* found her there, *Talkativeness* convey'd her away, and *Censoriousness* so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious Size, and obtained an Empire over the Universe; wherefore the *Power*, in Gratitude for these Services, has since advanced them to her highest Employments. The next who came forward in this Procession was a light Damsel, called *Credulity*, who carried behind them the Lamp, the Silver Vessel with a Spout, and other Instruments proper for this solemn Occasion. She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their Ears, Tongues and Eyes, that they might be the proper *Genii* of *Attention*, *Familiar Converse*, and *Ocular Demonstration*, she from that time gave her self up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper Garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my Name, to meet you at this time, stay close by me, and take a strict Observation of all that passes. Her Voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the Meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward thro' the *Rookery* of *Rumours*, which flew thick and with a terrible Din all around us. At length we arrived at the House of *Common Fame*, where a Hecatomb of *Reputations* was that Day to fall for her Pleasure. The House stood upon an Eminence, having a thousand Passages to it, and a thousand whispering Holes for the Conveyance of Sound. The Hall we entered was formed with the Art of a Musick-Chamber for the Improvement of Noises. *Rest* and *Silence* are banished the Place. *Stories* of different Natures wander in light Flocks all about, sometimes Truths and Lies, or sometimes Lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a Table painted after the manner of the remotest *Asiatick* Countries, upon which the Lamp, the Silver Vessel, and Cups of a white Earth, were planted in order. Then dried Herbs were brought, collected for the Solemnity in Moonshine, and Water being put to them, there was a greenish Li-

quor

quor made, to which they added the Flower of Milk, and an Extraction from the Canes of *America*, for performing a Libation to the infernal *Powers* of *Miſchief*. After this, *Curioſity*, retiring to a withdrawing-Room, brought forth the *Victims*, being to Appearance a Sett of ſmall waxen Images, which ſhe laid upon the Table one after another. Immediately *Talkativeneſs* gave each of them the Name of ſome one, whom for the time they were to repreſent; and *Cenſoriouſneſs* ſtuck them all about with black Pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe ſtuck, ſomething to the Prejudice of the Perſons repreſented. No ſooner were theſe Rites performed, and Incantations uttered, but the Sound of a Speaking Trumpet was heard in the Air, by which they knew the *Deity* of the Place was propitiated and aſſiſting. Upon this the Sky grew darker, a Storm aroſe, and Murmurs, Sighs, Groans, Cries, and the Words of Grief or Reſentment were heard within it. Thus the three *Sorcereſſes* diſcovered, that they, whoſe Names they had given to the Images, were already affected with what was done to them in Effigie. The Knowledge of this was received with the loudeſt Laughter, and in many Congratulary Words they applauded one another's Wit and Power.

As Matters were at this high Point of Diſorder, the muffled Lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure ſuch barbarous Proceedings, threw off her upper Garment of *Reſerve*, and appeared to be *Truth*. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed her ſelf preſent, the Speaking-Trumpet ceas'd to Sound, the Sky cleared up, the Storm abated, the Noiſes which were heard in it ended, the Laughter of the Company was over, and a ſerene Light, 'till then unknown to the Place, was diffuſed around it. At this the detected *Sorcereſſes* endeavoured to eſcape in a Cloud which I ſaw began to thicken about them, but was ſoon diſperſed, their Charms being controled and prevailed over by the ſuperior *Divinity*. For my Part I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what Puniſhments ſhe would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off *Curioſity*'s Ears, and fix them to the Eaves of Houſes, to nail the Tongue of *Talkativeneſs* to *Indian* Tables, and to put out the Eyes of *Cenſoriouſneſs* with a Flaſh of her Light.

In

In respect of *Credulity* I had indeed some little Pity, and had I been Judge she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty Reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning *Judge* had other Designs, she knew them for such as will not be destroyed merely, while Mankind is in Being, and yet ought to have a Brand and Punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a Seat for Judgment, and had the *Criminals* brought forward by *Shame*, ever blushing, and *Trouble* with a Whip of many Lashes, two Phantoms who had dogged the *Procession* in Disguise, and waited 'till they had an Authority from *Truth* to lay Hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered *Curiosity* and *Talkativeness* to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light *Credulity* she linkt to *Shame* at the Tormenter's own Request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her Prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her Punishment, and partly for her Amendment. *Censoriousness* was also in like manner begged by *Trouble*, and had her assign'd for an eternal Companion. After they were thus chain'd with one another, by the Judge's Order, she drove them from the Presence to wander for ever thro' the World, with *Novelty* stalking before them.

The Cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the Splendor of her own Glory, which leaving the House it had brightned, the Sounds that were proper to the Place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear distinguished Appearance of any Objects represented to me, I returned from the Excursion I had made in Fancy.

VISION V.

WHatever Industry and Eagerneſs the modern Diſcoverers have ſhewn for the Knowledge of new Countries, there yet remains an ample Field in the Creation to which they are utter Strangers, and which all the Methods of Travelling hitherto invented, will never bring them acquainted with. Of this I can give a very particular Inſtance in an Accident which lately happened to me.

As I was on the *6th* of this Inſtant, being *Febr.* 171⅝, walking with my Eyes caſt upward, I fell into a Reflection on the vaſt Tracts of Air which appear'd before me as uninhabited. And wherefore, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhou'd all this Space be created? Can it only be for an odd Bird to fly through, as now and then a Man may paſs a Deſart? Or are there alſo Kingdoms with their particular Polities, and People of a Species which we know nothing of, ordain'd to live in it.

It was in this Manner I continued my Thought, when my Feet forſook the Level, and I was inſenſibly mounted in the Air, 'till I arriv'd at a footing as firm and level as what I had left. But with what Surpriſe did I find my ſelf among Creatures diſtinct from us in Shape and Cuſtoms?

The

The Inhabitants are of a ſmall Stature, below thoſe which Hiſtory deſcribes for Pigmies. The talleſt of them exceed not fourteen or fifteen Inches, and the leaſt are hardly three. This difference proceeds only from their Growth before they are brought to light; for after we never obſerve them to grow, unleſs it pleaſe their Parents, who have this uncommon Method of enabling them: They recall them to the Womb, where having been for ſome time, they receive an Addition to their Bulk, then go back to their Houſes, and continue at a Stand as they did before. The Experiment has been often try'd with Succeſs, but ſome have ſuffered extremely by undergoing it.

Their Skins are like the antient *Britains*, all drawn over with a Variety of Figures. The Colour made uſe of for this end, is generally Black. I have indeed obſerv'd in ſome of the Religious, and Lawyers of the Country, Red here and there intermingl'd, tho' not ſo commonly of late. They tell me too, they often us'd to paint with all Colours; and I viſited two or three of the old Inhabitants, who were adorn'd in that Faſhion: But this is now diſuſed, ſince the new Inventions, by which the uſe of a black Fountain that belongs to that Country, is render'd more uſeful and ſerviceable.

The *Cloaths* in which they go clad, are the Skins of Beaſts, worn by ſome Plain, by others with Figures wrought upon them. Gold is alſo made uſe of by ſome, to beautify their Apparel; but very ſeldom Silver, unleſs, as Buckles are by us, for faſtening the Garment before. I have ſeen ſome of them go like Seamen in thin blue Shirts, others like *Indians* in a party-colour'd looſe kind of Apparel, and others, who they told me were the *Politicians* of the Country, go about ſtark naked.

The Manner of dreſſing them is this: At firſt when they come into the World, they have a Suit given them, which if it do not fit exactly, is not, as with us, fitted up again, but the Children are in a cruel Manner cut and ſqueez'd to bring them to its Proportion. Yet this they ſeem not much to regard, provided their principal Parts are not affected.

When

When the Dreſs is thus ſettled on them, they are clad for Life, it being ſeldom their Cuſtom to alter it, or put it off: In ſhort, they live in it Night and Day, and wear it to Rags rather than part with it, being ſure of the ſame Torture, and a greater Danger if they ſhou'd be dreſs'd a ſecond time. I have further taken Notice, that they delight to go open Breaſted, moſt of them ſhewing their Boſoms ſpeckled. Some *Lawyers* indeed wear them quite White, perhaps for Diſtinction ſake, or to be known at a Diſtance. But the fineſt Shew, is among the Beaux and Ladies, who mightily affect ſomething of Gold, both before and behind them.

Food I never ſaw them eat; they being a People, who, as I obſerved, live in Air: Their *Houſes* are all ſingle and high, having no back Rooms, but frequently ſeven or eight Stories, which are all ſeparate Houſes above one another. They have one Gate to their City, and generally no Doors to their Houſes; tho' I have ſometimes ſeen them have particular Doors, and even made of Glaſs, where the Inhabitants have been obſerv'd to ſtand many Days, that their fine Apparel may be ſeen thro' them. If at any time they lye down, which they do when they come from their Habitations (as if coming Abroad were their greateſt Fatigue) they will lie together in Heaps without receiving Hurt: Though the ſoundeſt Sleep they get, is when they can have Duſt enough to cover them over.

The Females amongſt them are but few, nothing being produced by a Marriage of Sexes. The Males are of a different Strength or Endowment of Parts, ſome having Knowledge in an Extream Degree, and others none at all; yet at the ſame time, they are mighty Pretenders to inſtruct others. Their *Names*, (for as many as wou'd diſcover them to me) I obſerv'd to be the very ſame as ours are upon Earth; I met a few who made theirs a Myſtery, but why, I am yet to learn. They are ſo communicative, that they will tell all the Knowledge they boaſt, if a Stranger apply himſelf to their Converſation: And this may be worth his while, if he conſiders that all Languages, Arts, and Sciences, are profeſt amongſt them. I think I may ſay it without Vanity, that I knew a certain *Taliſman*, with proper Figures and Cha-

Characters inscrib'd, whereby their greatest People may be charm'd, brought to reside with a Man, and serve him like a Familiar in the Conduct of Life.

There is no such thing as *fighting* amongst them, but their Controversies are determin'd by *Words*, wherein they seldom own themselves conquer'd, yet proceed no further than two or three Replies: Perhaps indeed two others take up their Neighbour's Quarrel, but then they desist too after the same Manner; sometimes however, Blows have ensu'd upon their Account, though not amongst them: In such a Case they have descended to inspire Mankind with their Sentiments, and chosen Champions from among us, in order to decide it.

The time of their *Life* is very different, some dye as soon as born, and others in their Youth; some get a new Lease of Life by their entring into the Womb again, and if any weather it out to a hundred Years, they generally live on to an extreme Age. After which it is remarkable, that instead of growing weaker as we do, by time, they increase in Strength, and become at last so confirm'd in Health, that it is the Opinion of their Country, they never can Perish while the World remains.

The *Sicknesses* which may take them off, besides what happens from their natural Weakness of Body, are of different Sorts. One is *over-moisture*, which affecting their Mansions, makes them lose their Complexions, become deform'd, and rot away insensibly: This is often obviated by their not keeping too much within Doors. Another is the *Worms*, which prey upon their Bowels: If they be maim'd by Accidents, they become, like us, so far useless; and that Maim will some time or other be the Occasion of their Ruin. However, they perish by these Means only in Appearance, and like Spirits, who vanish in one Place, to be seen in another. But as Men dye of Passions, so *Disesteem* is what the most nearly touches them; then they withdraw into Holes and Corners, and consume away in Darkness. Or

if

if they are kept alive a few Days by the force of *Spices*, it is but a ſhort Reprieve from their periſhing to Eternity; without any Honour, but that inſtead of a Burial, a ſmall Pyre of *Paſt* ſhou'd be erected over them, while they, like the antient *Romans*, are reduc'd to Aſhes.

N. B. *This Viſion is to be underſtood of a Library of Books.*

FINIS.

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